

THE DICKENSIAN



A QUARTERLY
DICKENS



MAGAZINE FOR
LOVERS

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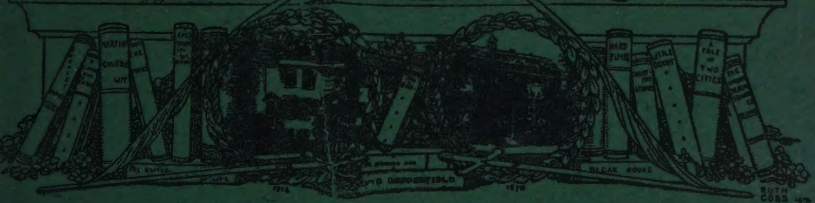
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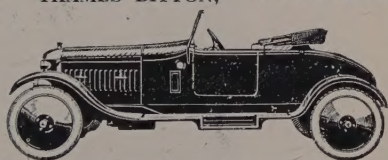
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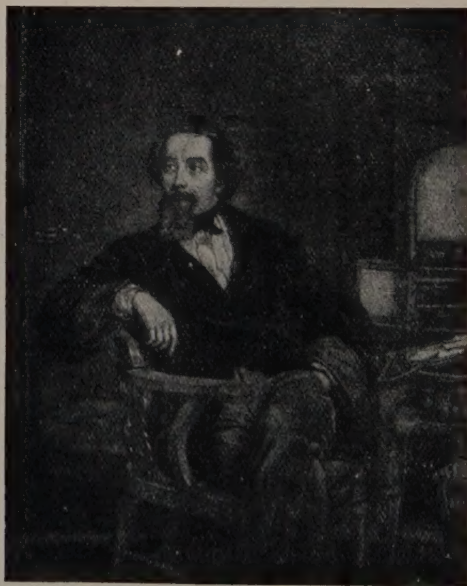
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THE DICKENSIAN

A Quarterly for Dickens Lovers

VOL. XXIII.

SPRING NUMBER, 1927

No. 202

Published 1st March

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NOTICES

"The Dickensian" is published on the first day of March, June, September and December.

SUPPLIES.—All communications respecting supplies should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, The Dickens Fellowship, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C. 1.

EDITORIAL.—Only Letters on Editorial matters should be addressed: The Hon. Editor, The Dickensian, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C. 1.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the June number must reach the Editor not later than May 9th.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Applications for advertising space should be made to Mr. W. Powell Davies, Hon. Publicity Consultant, 7 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C. 2.

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See page 103.

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A Pickwick and another Centenary.

May the thirteenth next is the centenary of the journey of Mr. Pickwick to Rochester by the Commodore Coach and the commencement of the motive of *The Pickwick Papers*. In celebration of which a party of

Dickens lovers will leave the Golden Cross at Charing Cross on the identical date, headed by the Commodore Coach (which is expected back from America in time for the event), kindly placed at their disposal by Mr. Bertram Mills. It ought to be a great day. A Pickwick Club gathering should be held the evening before: at any rate something will undoubtedly be done to celebrate the event which coincides with the day on which Dickens started as a junior clerk with Ellis and Blackmore, solicitors, of Gray's Inn.

* * * * *

Dickens and the Stage.

As promised in the last issue, the survey of the stage in relation to Dickens, by Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, is commenced in this number. This is not a review of that fascinating book, "The Actor in Dickens," the

series of articles having been prepared long before Mr. Amerongen's book was published: a review of that book, however, appears on page 116. The articles will be continued in the Summer and Autumn Numbers.

* * * * *

Dickens and Mark Lemon.

The recently discovered series of letters from Dickens to the first editor of "Punch" are to be published in the late spring, with introduction and notes by myself.

Curiously enough these letters mostly relate to the "Splendid Strolling," and other theatrical enterprises entered into by Dickens and his distinguished company of amateur actors, and concern a phase in the life of Dickens which has not been fully dealt with either by Mr. Harvey Darton in his "Mr. Vincent Crummies, his Theatre and his Times," or by Mr. Amerongen in "The Actor

in Dickens," or by any book that has preceded these. The letters to Lemon and my contribution to the volume, will, I trust, cover the whole ground of Dickens as an actor and fill the gaps hitherto existing. It is a fascinating subject.

* * * * *

Mrs. Gamp. The article in the Winter Number on the genesis of this wonderful woman rightly attracted a deal of attention in many quarters. And not a few have written to ask what is the writer's authority for his statements. *The Dickensian* is a specialists' publication, and articles such as this are not printed without due examination. "If it's in *The Dickensian* it is so," has been the magazine's slogan from the very first. I have no difficulty in securing contributions: my only trouble is that I am so inundated with excellent articles as to make selection a very difficult task. The writer of the article, Mr. C. C. Osborne, was for many years the private secretary to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Now you know!

* * * * *

Westland Marston. This reminds me that Mr. Osborne has recently privately published through The Times Book Club, price 2 6., a charming booklet on Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, son of Westland Marston, the dramatist, for whose play, "The Patrician's Daughter," Dickens wrote the prologue—a facsimile of which was published on page 115 of the last volume.

* * * * *

The Dickens Test. The British Broadcasting Corporation recently held a series of tests relating to Voice and Personality. In each test the same selection was read. It was a portion of the chapter from *The Pickwick Papers* describing Mr. Winkle's adventures with the skates.

* * * * *

Our World-wide Appeal. The world-wide interest in *The Dickensian* is proved by our last number, which contained articles from contributors in England, Scotland, Canada, Australia, Nigeria and the United States. I am naturally gratified that the new get up of the magazine has met with universal approval. The increase in the size of the magazine is due to the increased support. If you who read this are a member of a Branch of the Dickens Fellowship which has not yet adopted a subscription which includes the official magazine free to each member, will you show your appreciation of the work of my contributors from all over the world by endeavouring to get more members to subscribe to *The Dickensian*, so that your Branch, too, may soon be ripe to make its subscription inclusive of the magazine.

* * * * *

Our Subscribers. "We have never had a member, once a subscriber, refuse to continue," writes Mr. J. K. Thompson, the Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch.

On the other hand it is somewhat distressing to find there are actually some branches of the Fellowship where *The Dickensian*

is unknown to the greater part of the members, in spite of the fact that a copy of each issue is sent to the local Hon. Secretary. Strange !

* * * * *

A Complaint. I like complaints—similar to this from a well-known Birmingham reader : “ I wish you would arrange for my copy of *The Dickensian* to arrive in the afternoon instead of by the first post in the morning. ‘ *Dickensian* arrived this morning’ may be a truthful *explanation* of my late arrival at the office four times a year, but is not regarded as a valid *excuse*.”

* * * * *

Letters to the Editor. The letters printed in each issue under this heading represent but a tithe of the correspondence I receive in connection with the magazine. Lately my post-bag has been particularly heavy : and very gratifying it has been to me to hear from so many friends. I have endeavoured to answer each letter personally, and hope I have missed none. Readers would, however, lighten my labours by refraining from writing to me regarding supplies of the magazine and other non-editorial matters. All such letters are dealt with by the Hon. Secretary and his staff at the office at Doughty Street, and delay is caused by addressing the letters to the Editor. Also, will correspondents desiring a reply—and many expect me to be a perfect encyclopædia—kindly remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope ?

* * * * *

Churches in Dickens Land. Mr. Henry Smetham has now published his second volume of “ *Rambles round Churches*,” and this deals with the seven churches of the district surrounding Gads Hill, which he calls Dickens Land. No less than five of them, Cobham, Shorne, Higham, Chalk and Cooling, have a distinct claim on the *Dickensian*, and their extremely interesting ecclesiastical history is clearly and entertainingly set forth by Mr. Smetham, and embellished with the charming pen drawings of Captain J. B. Hewitt, R.N.

Their Dickens associations are carefully and correctly recorded, and full justice is done to the question of the Church on the Marshes of *Great Expectations*, which Mr. Smetham regards as a composite picture for which Cooling stood foremost in the author’s mind.

This is a very welcome addition to our shelves. The book not unnaturally concludes with a paper on the Drood mystery, and another on Dickens as novelist and neighbour, in which the author makes the very surprising statement that the first Dickens Fellowship was founded by a woman in Boston, U.S.A. I hope he will take an early opportunity of correcting this.

* * * * *

Cruikshank. An American correspondent takes me to task for what he considers an error in the statement, twice repeated in the last issue, that Cruikshank illustrated *only two* of Dickens’s books, suggesting that I overlooked “ *The Memoirs of Grimaldi*.”

Dickens was only the editor of this work. It is not included in any authoritative list of the works of Dickens.

* * * * *

Dickens Streets. A Liverpool correspondent writes to say that Yarmouth and London are far behind his own city in naming streets after Dickens and his characters. He tells me that in the Toxteth Park district are the following: Dickens Street, Pickwick Street, Dombey Street, Dorrit Street, Nickleby Street, Copperfield Street, Micawber Street, Pecksniff Street. Can any other city show a better record?

* * * * *

New Branch at Bromley. A new branch of the Fellowship has been formed at Bromley, and Mr. T. W. Hill, formerly Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, is the first President. The subscription includes a copy of *The Dickensian* free to each member. Such an excellent beginning augurs well for its future success.

* * * * *

The late Sir James Roll, Bt. We regret to record the death, at the age of eighty, of a greatly esteemed member of the Fellowship, Sir James Roll, Bart., an ex Lord Mayor of London and President of the City Pickwick Club. His very practical sympathy with all the work of the Fellowship is shown by his recent gift to The Dickens House. The article on page 107 was already in type when the sad news reached us. We shall dearly miss "Mr. Pickwick" from our convivial gatherings at the "George and Vulture."

* * * * *

The Matz Collection. Another ex-Lord Mayor of London, Lt.-Col. Ald. Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, Bart., has shown his deep and practical sympathy with the Dickens Fellowship by presenting to them in trust for the nation, to be permanently housed at The Dickens House, the valuable collection of the late B. W. Matz. Further reference to this generous gift is made in the report of the Birthday Dinner speeches.

* * * * *

Other Gifts to The Dickens House. The good example of Sir Charles Wakefield in saving for England Dickens's reading desk, was quickly followed by Messrs. Maggs Bros., the well-known rare book dealers, in presenting to The Dickens House the handsome pair of candelabra which formerly adorned the drawing room at Gads Hill. Mr. Charles J. Sawyer, another eminent dealer in Dickens relics, has promised to present an item from his valuable collection on his return to town next month, and I confidently expect to report in the next number other offers of a similar nature from other well-known possessors of items of exceptional interest, in both this country and abroad. The Dickens House is the only place for these relics: the one place where they will have a permanent home and give delight to millions.

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NEARLY two hundred Dickensians assembled to dine at the Criterion Restaurant on Monday, 7th February, in celebration of the hundred and fifteenth Anniversary of the Birth of Dickens. All available places were taken ten days before the event, and many were, unfortunately, unable to join this interesting gathering through delaying their applications for tickets.

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the President, occupied the chair. He was accompanied by Lady Wild, and supported by—Sir Charles Wakefield, Bt., and Lady Wakefield, Sir Alfred and Lady Robbins, Sir Walter Lawrence, Bt., Major General Sir Henry Bushman, K.C.B., Sir Alfred Temple, Sir George Frampton, R.A., Mr. and Mrs. Callaway, Mrs. Ridgwell Cullum, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Will Owen, Mr. Saxe Wyndham, Miss Matz, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Burden, Mr. Percy Carden, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Leveson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Philpott, Mr. S. J. Rust, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Staff, Mr. W. B. Warren, Major-General H. S. Neville White, C.B.

Grace was said by the Rev. W. Hays, and the excellent dinner was heartily enjoyed by all.

After the Loyal Toasts had been drunk with musical honours, and telegrams of greeting read from Sir Henry Dickens, New York, Montreal and Toronto Branches,

THE CHAIRMAN (Sir Ernest Wild, K.C.) said :—Before I commence the business of the evening I wish to make an announcement which is no news to you, because you have all read in your morning papers an announcement which ought to have been made for the first time at this dinner. Somehow or other the Press get things first. (Laughter.) You all know how interested we have been in the Matz Collection,

Mr. Matz having been the Founder and a past-President of the Fellowship. We were pleased when his widow allowed the desk, the collection of valuable books and other interesting personal belongings of our great Master, to remain in the Dickens House. But there was a danger that we might lose that invaluable collection, and that it might pass over to the place where all our relics and all matters of historical interest are so assiduously collected—(laughter)—I mean the other side of the Atlantic. That danger has been most happily averted by

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the patriotic action—because no other adjective describes it—of my friend, Alderman Sir Charles Wakefield. (Cheers.) With his usual munificence and public spirit he has presented that collection to the Dickens Fellowship as trustees for the nation, with the assurance that at no time shall that collection ever leave these shores. (Cheers.) I think it is a great pity that more people do not know about the Dickens House and the Dickens Fellowship.

I want to say that from our hearts we thank Sir Charles Wakefield. It is not a case of lip service, but it is a beautiful action that he has performed. If I were to apply to it the best adjective I can think of I should merely say it is characteristic of Sir Charles Wakefield. (Loud cheers.)

I propose to-night to ask the two speakers for their tributes before I propose the toast to The Immortal Memory.

TRIBUTE BY SIR CHARLES CHEERS WAKEFIELD, BART.

ALDERMAN SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD, who was received with prolonged cheering said :—I very warmly appreciate the generous words you have used about me, Sir Ernest Wild. It is characteristic of you. You have always magnified the deeds of your own friends. It is not necessary to thank me for the gift that has been announced in the Press this morning. The obligation really is on my side ; it is a privilege for me to be able to do it.

Many years ago I spent a Christmas afternoon in the genial company of a famous actor, a man who had brought tears of happy laughter into the eyes of millions in the course of a brilliant career. Rutland Barrington was that man. He went with me to a certain Home of

peace and rest for old people, and for several hours generously gave of his best for their pleasure.

For me that afternoon is memorable as the occasion of an overwhelming realisation of the mighty genius of Charles Dickens. The great actor read *A Christmas Carol* to his enthralled hearers. I had listened to that immortal story many times before, needless to say, and from the lips of some who had become famous as Dickens interpreters. But never had it gripped my heart as it did that afternoon. Why it was, I cannot say. Something in the circumstances, maybe—the pathetic yet charming picture of the aged toil-worn men and women around us, secure in their haven of refuge after years of hardship. How familiar to them must have been the misery and privation, with the sight of which the ghostly visitant so deeply stirred the hitherto unmoved heart of Ebenezer Scrooge ! How often must they have been strengthened and encouraged in their losing battle with life by such simple loving kindness as Dickens exhibited with unmatched skill in the scenes in the Cratchit home !

I had always counted myself a Dickens lover, and had been influenced from my earliest days by the spirit of the *Carol*, but I had not until that Christmas afternoon fully understood the universal character of the appeal of Dickens. More than any other writer of his generation Dickens speaks to the heart of Everyman and his wife. No one, it seems to me, can ever surpass him either in his profound knowledge of the human heart, in his tender sympathy with its sorrows, or in his robust comic genius. Therein, surely, lies the secret of his appeal. He understands ! In reading Dickens one feels not so much a calm admiration for the intellectual power displayed as an intense personal affection for one in whom the sense of brotherhood is so powerfully shown. This is not to disparage the mind of the master-novelist of his age : his art was none the less sure for being the servant of an imagination as keen and copious—and as happy—as any that ever illumined the soul of man. But his greatest artistry is in his appeal to our common humanity by means of his great gift of imaginative sympathy.

To-day we celebrate Dickens's birthday, and a question that must be in many minds is—will he live ? By every test that occurs to us he surely will. Has any outstanding genius of modern times aroused greater affection and enthusiasm ? The Dickens Fellowship is the evidence that his admirers are still numerous and loyal. The Fellowship gives house-room to many treasured relics of his physical life, and in all human probability future generations will thank the society for its vision. But the greatest assurance of immortality is in his works and in the spirit that breathes in them, whatever may betide the material survivals of his working life. The greatest tribute that I can pay to the memory of Charles Dickens is to express a fervent hope that there may never come a day when his radiant kindliness, tenderness and jolly laughter do not exert their accustomed sway over the English-speaking world. In every phase of our national life—not least in industry—we need more of the Dickens's spirit of brotherhood.

TRIBUTE BY SIR ALFRED ROBBINS.

As you may perceive from the state of my voice, I am obviously here against my doctor's orders ; but I was so determined to avail myself for the first time of the opportunity for paying in public the

tribute I have rendered now for sixty years in private to the immortal memory of Charles Dickens, that nothing but physical force on the part of my medical man would have kept me from coming to assist your President to-night.

Speaking as a Dickensian to Dickensians, I think it is a moment like this when personal reminiscence may be excused, if that reminiscence will illustrate the lifelong devotion I have had to the master. The earliest wish I expressed for a book, when I was thought to be old enough to be entrusted with the choice, was for *Pickwick*, and a wish greatly to the astonishment of the giver. I may add that, thinking *Pickwick* was a frivolous book, the giver supplemented it with a portentous volume by the late Mr. Serjeant Cox—which I still possess, as I do the other—entitled “The Arts of Reading, Writing, and Speaking.” But I have profited by Dickens and *Pickwick* more than by Mr. Serjeant Cox!

I heard the election scenes in *Pickwick* read in public at a moment when an election was going on in my own remote Cornish borough, at a time, in 1868, when the proceedings at elections were exactly as they had been at Eatonswill in the early Thirties, but with a certain degree of improvement in the bribery technique. My town was severely respectable and admirable in every sense; and our voters boasted that they never took a bribe. But it was thought to be within the bounds of becoming conscience to dispose of a broken-down pony, not worth 10s. a leg, on the night before the poll, to a desperate stranger who offered £200 for the beast, because he wanted to make a hurried departure for some other town. The mere giving of a bribe we would have scorned: a little bargain of that kind was perfectly conscientious.

As time went on, and before I entered actual life in daily journalism, in which I remained for fifty years, I read the whole of Dickens's works. Perhaps the fact that it was in that ancient Cornish town, and while I was living there, that John Forster learned the news of the unexpected death of his illustrious friend, was a tie that bound me particularly to Dickens, through this purely local and accidental memory.

When I came to London, as a very young man, I lodged with an attorney's confidential clerk. I believe a race not always gifted with extreme sentimentality; yet, my lawyer's clerk was a sentimentalist, and almost as romantic as Mr. Wemmick himself; and he always insisted every Christmas Eve on reading *The Christmas Carol*, not only to his wife and child, but to such lodgers as he could collect within his gates. And among those lodgers were medical students from Bob Sawyer's own Hospital, whose prime joke was to place a skull with a pipe in its mouth in the maid's bed, and startle her when she retired to rest. So that I can claim from the beginning to have been bred in a Dickens atmosphere.

Later, in the very opening days of the War, when a version of *David Copperfield* was to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre, and when the Manager was doubtful whether in those first fearful months of agonized excitement, the public would come to the plays, he was anxious that everything should be done to satisfy the Dickens lover with the accuracy of the production. I knew well the distinguished comedienne who was to play Mrs. Micawber; and I suggested to her that one thing to be done to make the supper party complete, in one of the great scenes of the play, was that she should sing “The Dashing

White Serjeant," as that estimable lady was recorded to have done. No one seemed to know where to find it, but Tree, agreeing as to the desirability of including it, engaged one of his delvers to discover "The Dashing White Serjeant" in the British Museum; and it was sung throughout the run to show the exactitude with which Tree had put that production on the stage.

Speaking for the first time as a member of the Dickens Fellowship. I come to add a tribute, and it can only be a poor tribute, to the memory of one who did more to illuminate, to enlighten, and to cheer, not only his own generation, which needed it sadly, and this generation, which needs it quite as much, but future generations. Dickens has been treated by writers, and by speakers, from every possible angle: as novelist, dramatist, poet, social reformer. The only role which he failed to fulfil was one for which, frankly, he was not qualified, and that was a politician. Sir Ernest Wild and myself know what kittle-cattle politicians are; and in that particular environment Dickens found himself as little at home as did Thackeray, though Dickens escaped the annoyance and humiliation of standing at an election, and being at the bottom of the poll.

I always prefer to consider Dickens not only as consoler and as comforter, but as a great stimulator of good work for the poor, and particularly for the children. I love to think of his burning indignation against wrong done by those temporarily powerful against those who are permanently down. That shines not only in his novels: it shines in all his writings, thrown off with an amazing rapidity and ease, and yet going straight to the heart. And it is his burning indignation over the wrongs of children in particular, that has enabled the carrying of legislation, which in these days preserves the children, not merely of the poor, but of the relatively well-to-do, from cruelties and wrongs which these unhappy beings had endured not in silence, for their pain prevented silence—but in agony and tears for centuries. And Dickens was the first among our great writers to win for himself the proud title—then thought to be a label of derogation—the proud title of sentimentalist, for he aroused the conscience of the people, and, if you once get at the conscience of the British people, you are certain to achieve a great result. That great result came from Dickens's labours, and it is permanent.

But to close, as I began, on a personal note, I always think dearly of Dickens as the most comforting friend who has ever sat by me in time of sickness; and when I have been convalescent from illness there is only one author to whom I consistently turn for support, for cheer, for mental and moral sustenance, and that author is Dickens. Some will say at once that this, of course, proves that I am obviously an unrepentant Victorian. I am Victorian, and I am unrepentant.

I was hoping to have by my side to-night my youngest son, who has been prevented from coming by a professional engagement from which he could not escape. He fought in the War from the beginning to the end, volunteering only a few days after he was 21, and he served right through, was wounded four times, and at last with such great severity that for four years his right arm was in danger of amputation. Throughout his long period of frequent operation and agony, the only thing he asked to be supplied with in hospital was volume after volume of his one beloved author, Dickens; and he read anew the whole series from beginning to end, and it cheered him in his dreariest time.

A word I give to every fellow-lover of Dickens, and that is to take no heed of the little folk who sneer and snarl at the great man, because they cannot believe anyone can be great except themselves, but their greatness will be soon forgotten. In the course of my career as a literary reviewer, I have known the advent and I have seen the exit of some twenty young novelists who were declared to be "the second Dickens." There has been no "second Dickens," and I do not think there can be a "second Dickens." But in any case, we have Dickens himself first of all; and it is to the memory of one who has given us such a priceless possession, whose name is honoured and loved, not only in these Islands, but in our great Dominions beyond the Seas, and, as I know, in that wonderful country, the United States of America — to one like this we offer the tribute of a grateful and affectionate memory; and we trust that that memory will live and flourish for evermore.

In proposing THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS, SIR ERNEST WILD said:—

"None abideth!" That is true of man and of all man's faculties. None abideth. Change and decay; that is Nature's inexorable law. Mere oblivion awaits us all.

No, not all! as our two orators have so eloquently, so beautifully, so aptly, reminded us. For to a very few it hath been given to conquer the Conqueror. Death to them is an episode — not a finality, but a commencement. Of that small but glorious company Charles Dickens is one. His is the Olympian "Order of Merit."

Why for those few is Death but a commencement? Because all the dross, the vanities, the inconsistencies, the littlenesses, is purged away; while the Soul, the genius, persists.

Moreover, propinquity merges into perspective.

Regarding statesmen, for example, Romance masquerading as History, may adorn or distort. About the Novelist, however, there can be neither adornment nor distortion, because "His Works do follow him." *Litera scripta manet.*

It is not so much to the Life of Dickens, therefore, eventful and enthralling though it was, as to the Works of Dickens, that our minds this evening turn.

And so turning, we behold, in our mind's eye, an imperishable genius, whose memory is so evergreen as to justify that tremendous adjective "Immortal," a writer of infinite imagination, of comprehensive understanding, of abounding humanity, of inimitable humour, whose creative pen was indeed mightier than the destroying sword of an Alexander or a Napoleon; the arch-Reformer of the Victorian era—Charles Dickens, our honoured Master and our abiding Friend.

An illustrated Souvenir, particularly referring to the Pickwickian Pilgrimages, was presented to each guest.

The musical programme, under the direction of Mr. Frank Staff, was noteworthy for the delightful singing of Miss Dorothy Neville White, who particularly charmed the audience with two encores, "Cherry Ripe" and "The Night Wind." Mr. Edern Jones (baritone), Miss Dorrie Courtney (banjo soloist), Mr. Tom Burrows (ventriloquist) were also in the programme. Mr. Edgar Wiltshire presided at the pianoforte.

OPINIONS

IF you sift the world's prose literature, Dickens will remain; sift Dickens, David Copperfield will remain; sift David Copperfield, the description of the storm at sea will remain.—TOLSTOY.

* * *

Some say the Dickens characters have all died out. Unfortunately it is only Dickens

who has died.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

* * * * *

You cannot have too much of Dickens; I can hardly conceive a person not liking Pickwick. I don't think I would speak to him if I knew that.—SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

* * * * *

Now that I've attained years of discretion, I'm for Dickens all the time.—W. J. LOCKE.

* * * * *

It was because Dickens had suffered and come through, that he made his way so directly into the hearts of the people.—EDWIN PUGH.

* * * * *

Dickens is writing London tracts.—EMERSON.

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The good, the gentle, high gifted, ever friendly noble Dickens, every inch of him an honest man.—CARLYLE.

* * * * *

How I should like to shake the hand of "Boz." When I read his books I often think I have seen such things, and feel I could write like that.—HANS ANDERSEN.

* * * * *

As we yield to Dickens's charm, is it not possible that we forget, or deliberately ignore, the underlying ethics, failing to perceive that his story may be a parable, his romance a gospel?—J. CUMING WALTERS.

* * * * *

That gifted being who for years had delighted and instructed the generation to which he belonged.—DEAN STANLEY.

* * * * *

The loss of such a man is an event which makes ordinary expressions of regret seem cold and conventional. It will be felt by millions as nothing less than a personal bereavement.—*The Times*, 10th June, 1870.

* * *

I cannot remember a time when I did not know the principal characters in Dickens's books.—PEGGY WEBLING.



TWO AUSTRALIAN PRESIDENTS

AS reported in the Winter Number of *The Dickensian*, London enjoyed the unique distinction in November last of welcoming on the same evening the Presidents of two of the Australian Branches of the Fellowship. We are now able to give their photographs.



Mr. W. A. CALLAWAY, J.P., the President of the Melbourne Branch, is on a world tour, and is accompanied by Mrs. Callaway. He is making a long stay in London, following his retirement from official life, a few years ago. For nearly sixteen years Mr. Callaway was permanent head of the Chief Secretary's Department, which embraced Police, Prisons and Hospitals throughout Victoria, and, therefore, brings a ripe experience to the branch, of which he has been President since 1910.



Mr. HERBERT J. RAYMENT is also a Justice of the Peace, but his visit "home" was a business trip, and, unfortunately, we did not see as much of him as we would have wished. He has been the President of the Sydney Branch for the past few years, and his strong and endearing personality, combined with his business acumen, has been largely responsible for the continued success of the Fellowship in New South Wales, and we look forward to more of his company on his next visit.

We hope both these Presidents are taking back with them a good impression of the work that is being done on this side for the welfare of the Fellowship the wide world over, and we wish them God speed.

The Fascination of the Footlights

By A. E. BROOKES CROSS



I. Dickens as "Bobadil"

EARLY TENDENCIES



DICKENS was attracted and fascinated by the Theatre. His career, as well as his writings, furnishes overwhelming evidence that this fascination became an ineradicable passion which remained with him throughout his life. To what extent this obsession influenced his work, and what use he made of the knowledge he acquired of the inner workings of the Theatre, it is the purpose of this article to indicate, and, in order to treat the subject coherently, it is necessary to trace briefly its origin and development.

The faculty of mimicry and the love of "make-believe" are inherent in most children, and the child Dickens had these in abundance. The picture of the infant Dickens perched on a chair or table, singing comic songs, is among the earliest glimpses we have of him, and he himself has recorded that at the mature age of eight or nine years his first attempts at authorship were "represented with great applause to overflowing houses"; among these was a tragedy, *Misnar: The Sultan of India*, in which he performed.

His natural talent for acting received encouragement in his Chatham days, before he was nine, from his relative, James Lamert, a youth older than himself, who promoted theatrical entertainments at the Ordnance Hospital, where the elder Dickens held an appointment. Of course Dickens possessed a toy theatre, which Lamert build for him. While we have Dickens's own authority for stating that at Wellington House Academy, when between twelve and fourteen years of age, he "got up" "The Miller and His Men," and took a prominent part in this and other representations.

Dickens's miscellaneous writings contain many reminiscences of his

childish experiences which show him to have been an observant and precocious play-goer at a very early age. For instance, in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, under the title of "Dullborough Town" (Rochester), he tells us that—

"It was within those walks that I learnt how that wicked king(Richard III.) slept in wartime on a sofa much too short for him, and how fearfully his conscience troubled his boots; that the witches in 'Macbeth' bore an awful resemblance to the Thanes and other proper inhabitants of Scotland, and that the poor King Duncan couldn't rest in his grave, but was constantly coming out of it and calling himself somebody else."

There, too, he saw and remembered "the lovely young woman who went out gleaning in a narrow white muslin apron with five beautiful bars of five different coloured ribbons across it."

Again, in *Gone Astray (Miscellaneous Papers)*, he tells us how, when a very small boy indeed, he fell in with a crowd going into a theatre of the lowest description, and there saw, with his abnormally observant eyes, the usual miscellany associated with that class of institution, comprising a couple of dramas and a comic song sung from a donkey's back, the donkey forming the prize in a lottery in which all the audience participated: the whole concluding with an innocuous display of fireworks. The latter incident is used effectively in *Nicholas Nickleby*, when Vincent Crummles, wishing to celebrate Nicholas's final appearance in a fitting and dignified manner, suggests that Nicholas shall stand "on the top of a pair of steps with the Phenomenon in an attitude: 'Farewell' on a transparency behind; and nine people at the wings with a squib in each hand—all the dozen and a half going off at once—it would be very grand, awful from the front, quite awful."

Such early experiences, however, could not have qualified Dickens to offer himself with assurance to, and be provisionally accepted by, so august a personage as the Manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, had he not acquired a practical knowledge of the technique of acting; and, as might be expected, not only did he frequent the "private" and minor theatres, when employed in a Solicitor's office in Gray's Inn between the ages of fifteen and sixteen years, but it is believed he played parts therein.

"Private" theatres were usually situated in shabby streets; were run for profit, often by doubtful characters; their patrons were dirty boys, copying clerks, shop boys and a "choice miscellany of the idle vagabonds." One source of revenue was payment by the performers of a fee, the amount of which was determined by a tariff based on the relative importance of the character sought after. Dickens furnishes an account of these Halls of Thespis in the *Sketches*.

Mr. W. H. Pollock writes, "It is a legend at the T.R., Portsmouth, that Dickens, as a very young man, was for a time a member of the company."

Another story is that when writing *Nickleby*, Dickens went on the stage at the same theatre and asked for a small part in order to

acquire the necessary atmosphere; but Adair Fitzgerald, in "Dickens and the Drama," suggests that if Dickens ever visited the theatre at Portsmouth, he simply went behind the scenes and chatted with the players.

Whether it is a fact that Dickens, in creating Crummles and the Infant Phenomenon, was working off an old score against T. D. Davenport, who, about the period indicated, toured the Portsmouth circuit, with his daughter Fanny (or Jean) Davenport, or whether a tragedian named Billy Floyer was the original of Mr. Folair, or whether Dickens placed Crummles, purposely or otherwise, too low in the scale, as Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton, in "Vincent Crummles: his Theatre and his Times," suggests, are matters of controversy, but the use to which Dickens put his experiences, however acquired, is undeniable, and will transpire later. In this connection it is but fair to state that in a criticism written in 1849, he highly commends Davenport for his performance of William in "Black-eyed Susan" at the Marylebone Theatre.



II.

DICKENS, ACTOR, AND PLAYWRIGHT

Dickens, when he was twenty-one, wrote a burlesque entitled *The O'Thello*, and played it privately for the benefit of his family. A facsimile of a page of the manuscript, being probably the earliest known bill in which Dickens's name appears, is reproduced here. Later he is alleged to have taken part in "The Strange Gentleman" at St. James's Theatre, London. His first authentic laurels in public performance were gained in Montreal in 1842, when he played with the officers of the garrison for the benefit of a charity in "A Roland for an Oliver," "Two o'Clock in the Morning" and "Deaf as a Post." In a letter to Foster, describing the event, he refers briefly to having played in "Love, Law and Physic," "before my authorship days." Three years later he got together a company of distinguished amateur actors, and from then onwards gave a number of public performance for charity.

The first of these, in 1845, at the Royalty Theatre, was Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," in which Dickens played with marked success the part of Capt. Bobadil. The cast was a notable one containing the names of men famous for their literary and artistic attainments. This performance was repeated, at the St. James's Theatre. Dickens was an admirer and friend of the distinguished comedian, Charles Mathews, and having studied his methods to some purpose, he was, to quote a contemporary, enabled "to present in Bobadil, after a richly coloured picture of bombastical extravagance and comical exaltation in the earlier scenes, a contrast in the later of tragical

humility and abasement that had a wonderful effect." As a stage manager and as master of the mechanical and technical needs, he received from all the most unstinted praise.

In 1847, Dickens organised performances in Manchester and Liverpool on behalf of Leigh Hunt and John Poole, an actor of some repute, and again Jonson's comedy figured in the Bill. These performances were repeated at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. The critics were enthusiastic, and it was said that "such a Bobadil as that of Mr. Dickens had not been seen within the memory of living man"; another critic

*This Page is from an unpublished manuscript submitted
"hard broken" for private performance, in no way finished,
and it is his own handwriting. The rest of the play was
your humble servant*

O' Phello

*John Dickens
at Haymarket
1847*

(Part of The Great Unpaid)

Act 1 - Scene 2

Discovered at table on opening of Scene

Gr Begin the business

Drab enters and says "Run! confusion!"

Gr What charge can warrant such a proposition?

Drab - Warrant

Gr You're not warranted

In making noise enough to wake the dead

Tell us (just having made a proper bow)

What is the meaning of this precious row?

Drab - stole my daughter

Gr Who has done this?

Drab - O' Phello

Gr Cull the man in

(Music wait till he comes & music stops)

And now command silence

What can you say in your own defence?
if Haydon says so?

described the acting of the Captain as a veritable piece of genius; while Hunt considered that it had "a spirit in it of intellectual apprehension beyond anything existing on the stage."

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Dickens as Justice Shallow, followed in 1848. Altogether nine performances were given in London and the big cities, at one of which the Queen and Prince Albert were present. Mrs. Cowden Clark, in "Recollections of Writers," pays a warm tribute to Dickens's thoroughness and efficiency, punctuality

and precision as a stage manager. With all this additional work to occupy him, Dickens was still pouring forth his writings.

It was after a series of performances at Lord Lytton's seat, "Knebworth," that the project of raising funds for a "Guild of Literature and Art" first took shape, and the opening performance was given at Devonshire House before Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Afterwards this company of splendid strollers, including, in addition to those already referred to, others of equal eminence, repeated their representations in various places. The plays given were: "Not so bad as we seem," by Bulwer Lytton; *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon; and "Used up," by Mathews.

Later he produced and played in "The Lighthouse" and "Frozen Deep," both by Wilkie Collins; in each case he created the chief part while both plays were subsequently transferred to the regular stage.

It is not necessary to dwell on the aspect of Dickens as a playwright, except to note in passing that he wrote various prologues. The recently discovered comedietta, *The Stratagems of Rozanza*—when he was sixteen; the burlettas *The Strange Gentleman*, *Is she his Wife*; an operatic burletta *The Village Coquettes*; *The Lamplighter*, which was never acted, and subsequently converted to "The Lamplighter's Story"; *Mr. Nightingale's Diary* with Mark Lemon, and finally, *No Thoroughfare* with Wilkie Collins.

Of these the most effective and successful was *No Thoroughfare*. It was played in England with a strong professional cast, and, owing to its success in this country, was produced also in France. The rest of these plays served a purpose at the time, but on re-reading them to-day, it must be admitted that they do not enhance Dickens's reputation, and except as curiosities are perhaps better left in oblivion.

Before closing this phase of the subject, it may be mentioned that his

Private Theatricals.

STAGE MANAGER. MR. CHARLES DICKENS

ON SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1833.

As before, a short prologue. The performers will commence with

AN INTRODUCTORY PROLOGUE;

THE ORIGINAL CAST CONSISTS OF

MR. EDWARD BARNUM MR. HILTON MR. CHARLES DICKENS. MISS AUSTIN
AND MISS DICKENS.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED THE OPERA OF

CLARI.

<i>The Duke's Friend</i>	MR. BARNUM
<i>Solomon, a Farmer (Father in the Duke)</i>	MR. C. DICKENS
<i>Isaac (Father in the Duke)</i>	MR. H. AUSTIN
<i>Isaac</i>	MR. HILTON
<i>Isaac</i>	MR. E. BARNUM
<i>Isaac</i>	MR. E. AUSTIN
<i>Isaac in the Duke</i>	MISS AUSTIN
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS DICKENS
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS L. DICKENS
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS AUSTIN
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS OPPENHEIM

CHARACTERS IN THE EPISODE

<i>The Duke</i>	MR. HENRY ROLLE
<i>Isaac</i>	MR. JOHN DICKENS
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS OPPENHEIM
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS OPPENHEIM

UPON WHICH THE FOLLOWING WILL BE

The Married Bachelor.

<i>Mr. Charles Carroll</i>	MR. C. DICKENS
<i>Isaac</i>	MR. JOHN DICKENS
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS L. DICKENS
<i>Isaac</i>	MISS DICKENS

TO CONCLUDE WITH THE FARCE OF

Amateurs & Actors.

David Copperfield, (a Musical Drama) (Father in the Duke)

Isaac, (a Musical Drama) (Father in the Duke)

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partiality for the footlights inevitably led Dickens to form friendships with famous men of his day, of whom, in addition to Mathews, the most notable were Fechter and Macready.

Finally, it was Dickens's histrionic talent that earned for him as a public reader, during the last twelve years of his life, an eminence seldom if ever equalled, and a fame almost as well established as his fame as a novelist. In the words of Justin McCarthy, "If he had chosen to make the stage his career, he would have ranked among the greatest actors."

So far then we have traced, from its origin in the days of his childhood to its culmination in his public readings in his later days, that fascination which acting and everything appertaining thereto possessed for him. A fascination that contributed in no small measure to the comic element in his writings: that beguiled him in the hours of leisure; and inspired much of his private and public work, adding thereby a lustre to his name that is only dimmed by the greater brilliance and permanence of his literary achievements.

III.

THE MUMMER IN THE NOVELS



Dickens, the journalist and novelist, never failed to make the fullest use of the experiences of Dickens the man and observer, and in the telling to enrich them with his vivid and colourful imagination. It would be surprising, therefore, if he had not made "copy" of his adventures both before and behind the footlights, and thus these experiences are found scattered here and there throughout his novels and miscellaneous writings.

The novel which owes most of its humour to the theatre is *Nicholas Nickleby*. The personnel of the Crummles Company is so grotesque and comical that alone it would make any book famous. One recalls the humour and pathos of Sniike's struggle to learn the part of the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," wherein in an effort to memorise the lines, he and Nicholas repeat again and again, "Who calls so loud"; Nicholas with Miss Snelvellicci and that appalling infant "the phenomenon" canvassing for subscriptions for the bespoken performance; the performance itself; Mr. Curdle and his dissertation on the unities of the drama, as well as his "pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the Nurse's deceased husband in Romeo and Juliet, with an inquiry whether he really had been a 'merry man' in his lifetime"; the combat between the junior Crummleses; the rehearsal scene; the nose-pulling contest; the farewell supper to Nicholas and his departure by the early morning coach, when Mr. Crummles, leaning over his shoulder with woebegone

face, exclaiming for the benefit of potential playgoers, "Farewell, my lion-hearted boy"; the last appearance of Vincent Crummles in the country and so forth. Yet despite the comicality and extravagance of these scenes they are essentially true pictures of a phase of life by no means yet extinct. Penny Gaffs and theatrical companies of the type thus characterised formed, at the time of which Dickens writes, the majority of the theatrical amusements of the smaller provincial towns and certain parts of London, but for a variety of reasons which are irrelevant here they have become fewer, and are now to be found only in the remoter districts, and at the very lowest kind of theatre, booth, or "fit-up."

Even *Pickwick Papers* contributes its quota in Jingle, the strolling player. Later on we see in *Great Expectations* the complete and disastrous failure of Mr. Wopsle as Mr. Waldengraver in his endeavour to adorn the firmament. Where in fiction is it possible to find a more amusing picture of the kind than the account of this poltroon as "Hamlet," from which it is difficult to refrain from quoting the opening lines:

"On our arrival in Denmark, we found the king and queen of that country elevated in two armchairs on a kitchen table, holding Court. The whole of the Danish nobility were in attendance; consisting of a noble boy in wash leather boots of a gigantic ancestor, a venerable peer with a dirty face, who seemed to have risen from the people late in life, and the Danish chivalry with a comb in its hair and a pair of white silk legs and presenting on the whole a feminine appearance. My gifted townsman stood glooming apart, with folded arms, and I could have wished that his curls and forehead had been more probable."

"The noble boy in the ancestral boots was inconsistent; representing himself, as it were in one breath as an able seaman, a strolling actor, a gravedigger and a person of the utmost importance in a Court fencing match, on the authority of whose practised eye and nice discrimination the finest strokes were judged. This gradually led to a want of toleration for him, and even—on his being detected in holy orders and declining to perform the funeral service—to the general indignation taking the form of nuts."

Mr. Waldengraver failed ignominiously in his vaulting ambition, and the last we see of him is in the character of a virtuous boatswain, a plenipotentiary from the Admiralty complete in star and garter, a demon and a sententious enchanter all in one evening!

(To be continued)





YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT--

The appeal of Dickens's novels is higher than that of mere plot.

* * * * *

Dickens acted before Queen Victoria on more than one occasion.

* * * * *

Dickens achieved a great personal success during the years 1858-1870, giving public readings from his works in both this country and America.

* * * * *

The ending of *Great Expectations* was changed at the request of Lord Lytton.

* * * * *

Broadstairs was Dickens's favourite seaside resort : he spent fourteen summers there.

* * * * *

Gaffer Hexam and his son were suggested by two similar characters Dickens once saw in Chatham.

* * * * *

Dickens enjoyed the close friendship of all the great literary and artistic men of his time.

* * * * *

The name of *Pickwick* was taken from Moses Pickwick, who ran the London-Bath coach, and so named after the village of Pickwick, near Bath.

* * * * *

"The Only Way" is the greatest success of all the plays founded on Dickens's works.

* * * * *

Dickens occupied the chair at the first Anniversary Festival of the General Theatrical Fund.

* * * * *

Every novel of Dickens has been dramatised and there have been hundreds of such adaptations.

* * * * *

As a young man Dickens was a reporter in the House of Commons.

* * * * *

On the suggestion of The Dickens Fellowship, the Birthplace of Dickens was purchased by the Portsmouth Corporation, and preserved as a national monument.

* * * * *

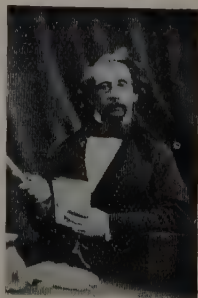
The title *Master Humphrey's Clock* was suggested by the long cased clock seen by Dickens at the shop of Thomas Humphrey, a clock maker, on his visit to Barnard Castle in 1838.

* * * * *

The idea of the story of *A Tale of Two Cities* occurred to Dickens while acting in "The Frozen Deep."

* * * * *

Dickens forlornly walked the streets of Paris after the death of Paul Dombey.



THE PLACE OF *PICKWICK* IN LITERATURE

By J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A

I.

THE centenary of the founding of the Pickwick Club and the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* presents a suitable opportunity for considering and re-considering that volume to which the term "immortal" is frequently applied. For the sake of human nature I trust its immortality is assured; but whether it contains the elements that make for immortality is another matter. These prodigious claims for books are rash, and literary history is strewn with the wrecked prophecies of "immortality" for works which have long since been forgotten. What we can declare with a good grace and with perfect truth and justice is that *Pickwick* has been the most popular book of the last hundred years. It has kept the world good-humoured, entertained, delighted, diverted, from the hour of its birth; and as long as we retain youthfulness in our hearts, as long as we have capacity for simple enjoyments, and as long as we have the spirit of gladsome adventure, so long will *Pickwick* exercise its spell upon us.

But I propose to examine its place in literature, not its place in our hearts. Those are two entirely different matters. Incidentally, while avoiding extravagant claims, I desire to do justice to Dickens himself, and to ascertain, on behalf of his reputation, whether the book he wrote light-heartedly in his early twenties was superior to all the books which afterwards came from him in the maturity of his genius. For we are often told, dogmatically and unequivocally, that *Pickwick* is Dickens's "best" book, and that it is "the most humorous book in the world." Both assertions are incorrect, illogical, and founded on false premises. Is it just to Dickens to declare that what he wrote at twenty-three he never improved upon up to the age of fifty-six, making no progress in his art, putting forth no new power?

And is it right to declare that the fun of *Pickwick* is superior to the genuine humour found in *Great Expectations*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and *Bleak House*? We are detracting from the rightful fame of the author by such fatuous assertions. The simple fact is, we read *Pickwick* so easily, we enjoy it so thoroughly, we find it so refreshing, and we return to it so eagerly, that we forget these are not literary tests, and our enthusiasm is fatal to our criticism. *Pickwick* is a jolly book, a book for the odd hour; it amuses and it exhilarates; and it is just as crude and inconsequential, as ill-constructed and as loosely expressed, as we should naturally expect it to be from an ill-experienced writer, never exactly knowing how long he was to go on or what he was expected to do. It was a wonderful feat, but it was a juvenile adventure in letters for all that. From that standpoint it must be judged when we are engaged in a literary review.

Pickwick was a continuation of a tradition which became a bad tradition—the tradition of Smollett and Fielding which sent persons

off on bustling adventures, introduced them rapidly to new scenes and characters, provided a kaleidoscopic succession of events, aimed only at change, surprise, and diversion, and ended simply with exhaustion. *Pickwick* was in this vein. It is a book of comical episodes. The fun is fast and furious, but much of it is horseplay, clowning, trickery, and hoaxing. Thin men, fat boys, sham sportsmen, innocent old gentlemen—what primitive conceptions these are, however skillfully carried out!

At first the *Papers* were intended to be only a chronicle of sport, but in Dickens's hands they became a narrative of locomotion. Stage-coaches and old inns, strollers and bagmen, meetings and partings, incessant change and movement, gave the author his opportunity for variety, incident, and surprise. There is no plot, only rapid motion. *Pickwick* is a jumble of episodes, and a jumble is not art. The purpose in view was sheer merriment, and every turn of the leaves was to produce a laugh. Admirable, indeed, but obviously incomplete. Life and the world do not consist exclusively of fun and jollity. We see at once how restricted is the compass of the work, how limited its appeal, how disproportioned the ingredients. A "best" work, a "greatest" work, would not have these flaws. They are not found in the later books, because Dickens realised that fact, and his art advanced with his years.

II.

Perhaps the strongest evidence against *Pickwick* as literature is that supplied by Dickens himself—negative evidence, but very significant. Although it opened out to him the way to success and fortune, although it doubtless afforded him much personal pleasure in the composition, and although it won for him tremendous plaudits, he made no attempt to repeat it. He deliberately adopted a new style. He took the risk of change. After *Pickwick* came such works as *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. At times we might almost think they were from another hand; or rather, we can perceive it is the same hand, but with a stronger grasp and a further reach. Dickens went on writing for thirty years, and now and then the temptation must have come to return to a sure and easy means of triumph; but the artist in him prevailed, and he resisted. He had a conscience and an aim. In place of Jingle he could depict a Montague Tigg; in place of Mrs. Raddle a Mrs. Todgers or a Mrs. Snagsby; in place of Job Trotter a Chadband; in place of Bob Sawyer a Dick Swiveller; in place of Perker a Tulkinghorn—strengthening and ripening, developing and maturing, until the early design became a veritable masterpiece.

Pickwick introduces us to a very jolly crowd, but his later works give us impressive personalities. Which would we sooner dispense with?—the irresponsible Winkle or the irresponsible Tommy Traddles?—the good-hearted Wardle or the good-hearted John Jarndyce?—the winsome and flirtish Arabella Allen or Dolly Varden and Bella Wilfer? The types are the same, but how strengthened and improved!

Scenes from "Pickwick."



Wandell Street.



DICKENS IN 1837



Ant Street.



Grick Lane.



Peter & Thomas



Clifford's Inn.



Cobham Church.



Manor Farm.



The Crescent, Bath.



Arbour The Spanards



Winkler house, Birmingham.



Murphy's Ipswich



The School, Bury St Edmunds



The Fly



The Fleet Prison.



Freeman's Putney.



Rochester Bridge.

Dickens departed from the *Pickwick* level, and sought a higher. I venture to say that if, by some calamity, he had never produced anything more than *Pickwick*, or if by some misguided taste he had only produced a succession of *Pickwicks*, he would to-day only rank, in literature, with the half-neglected tribe of Charles Lever and Theodore Hook—far superior to them, of course, but belonging solely to their class. He would have been at the head of what, in literature, is known as the narrative school of jest and episode, diverting for the passing hour, but offering no solid or permanent value. It is to his credit that, having achieved *Pickwick*, he discarded *Pickwick*; it is our everlasting good fortune that the author of *Pickwick* became the author of *David Copperfield* and twenty other works which are the rocks of his fame.

I have, then, to stress the fact that apart from one ill-advised and desperate expedient, feebly executed, and soon abandoned, in which Mr. Pickwick and the two Wellers were re-introduced—I refer to the opening sections of *Master Humphrey's Clock*—Dickens never made an attempt to repeat the *Pickwick* style. This is a literary phenomenon. Here was a young author who had found a safe path to fame and fortune. And he abandoned that path, abandoned it for ever, and entered upon another with all its hazard of failure. This can only be accounted for by the fact that Dickens himself had realised his higher capacity, and had seen that the *Pickwick* method would keep him on the lower plane. He performed a noble act of self-abnegation. He gave up the easy honours and he strove for the harder prize.

His decision is an essential contribution to my argument. It shows what Dickens thought of *Pickwick* as literature. It shows that as his art rose and his powers increased he turned with scorn from the Fat Boy foolery, the cheap jesting, the schoolboyish freakishness, and the game with odd tavern characters who were not far removed from the Tom and Jerry of the Cheap-Jack school. What he had done with poor material was exceptionally well done, and had never been done so well before; certainly has never been done so well since by others; but it was not the stuff on which to build an enduring name. Dickens was ambitious and Dickens was wise; so *Pickwick* puerilities ceased to occupy his attention.

III.

But when Dickens changed, one mercy, one blessing remained—his original vein of *fun* deepened and expanded into *humour*. He did not lose the first fine careless rapture when he forsook his first style; he only improved on it. We realise, after all, that it was only the author of *Pickwick* who could have given us the exquisite opening chapters of *Great Expectations*, the American scenes in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the rich Micawber episodes in *David Copperfield*, the pictures of Boffin and Wegg, of Sim Tappertit and Miss Miggs, of Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunsby, of Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig, of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, and all that glorious host who are the immortalised characters of fiction. The mine was the

same, but the digging was deeper, and purer gold had been reached. In *Pickwick* he had been scratching the surface.

It may seem disrespectful to say so, though it is not intended to be, when I declare that the material of which *Pickwick* is composed is *cheap*. Never, it is true, was material so deftly, so cleverly, so ingeniously made up; but its quality is not affected by that—it is cheap. Winkle on the ice and Winkle running round the Crescent in his night attire, Bob Sawyer's party, Mr. Tupman in tights, Mr. Pickwick in the pound—was there ever cheaper material than that? Tawdry, too, and only redeemed by the dexterity of the handling. That, however, is no proof of intrinsic merit.

When we read the stories that schoolboys love we find what are their favourite forms of "humour"—they are, that somebody shall be placed in a dilemma, that a fat boy who likes to over-eat himself shall be ridiculed, that a hated master shall be made to look foolish, that somebody of the lower orders shall be discovered drunk and disorderly, and that a boastful and pretentious person shall be exposed, either by being tripped up by the heels, or set a task which he cannot perform, and so rendered ludicrous in the eyes of the beholders. This is all very crude; yet it is exactly the model on which *Pickwick* was planned. It is only a schoolboy's story writ large. There are in turn—the Fat Boy, the boastful sportsman, the rogue who over-reaches himself, the plotters who are discovered and made to look foolish—there are drunk and disorderly episodes, wrong room episodes, petty tyranny and pomposity turned into ridicule—all as elementary as it can be, though better done than it ever was before. And yet it is dignified as "humour"—this book of comic event and passing japes familiar to primitive minds since the beginning of the world.

Humour is intellectual—there is nothing intellectual in putting Mr. Pickwick behind a door, or in a wheelbarrow, or in the wrong bedroom. That is broad farce. Humour is not broad, and it is not even funny. It is the precious offspring of heart and mind, and has no relationship to a merry trick or a slip of the tongue. That is why humour is not the frippery and cheapness of a joke, and that is why it is not the mere sparkle of wit. *Pickwick* is funny, but it is not humorous.

IV.

Let me relieve the tension likely to be produced by these appalling statements by here mentioning what, from the literary point of view, can be unreservedly praised. The Christmas chapters are superb. That exhilarating winter walk at Dingley Dell is a classic piece of description. It makes us glow, it uplifts our spirits, it touches our emotions, it conjures up fancies of rare charm, it inspires the finest reflections. Here, indeed, was genius at work, manifest and vivid.

And the whole of the Trial Scene is a masterpiece of comedy worthy to rank with the best that our dramatists have given us—it is a flashing picture, it is delicate satire, and it is pure humour.

Then there are the incomparable scenes in the Fleet, worthy of

Hogarth himself—realistic in their drab and unsparing truthfulness, poignant in their revelations of abuse, deeply purposeful in their moral, though conveyed with apparent lightness and whimsicality. In these we see the indubitable touch of the master-hand.

But where a fundamental error is made technically is by instituting comparisons between *Pickwick* and the other Dickens works. It stands in a category of its own. It is not a novel, it is not a romance, it is not dramatic fiction; it is simply a medley of adventure, with comic characters getting in and out of comic complications. It is unique, therefore there is no question of better and best. We cannot compare like and unlike things. There is only one *Pickwick*, and we have to create one class to put it in—there it stands, solitary and fixed, without neighbour or companion, unchallenged so long as it is rightly placed.

But, as already hinted, the most radical error is to regard *Pickwick* as a work of "humour." It holds no such rank. It never rises above fun. It has very little wit, but an abundance of waggyery. It has no subtlety. There are no fine gradations of character. Wardle is bluff and hearty, Mrs. Raddle is a shrew, Jingle is an obvious impostor, Nupkins is a fool—what miles away from the masterpieces in *Chuzzlewit*, *Copperfield*, and *Bleak House*! The fun is sometimes farcical, sometimes riotous tolly; Bob Sawyer and Winkle are creatures of wild mirth—but this is not humour, the very essence of which is depth and delicacy.

There are, of course, magnificent compensations in this *Pickwick* farrago which show us the real man in the making. Mr. Pickwick himself in his later phases, Buzfuz in his sublime moments of burlesque, and Dodson and Fogg in their monstrosity and pettifoggery impudence. Shall I add Sam Weller? That depends. If you ask me to accept him as a specimen of "humour" I say emphatically No. Sam is not humorous, as, for example, Sancho Panza or Partridge or Sir Roger de Coverley or Captain Costigan is humorous. Sam Weller is not more a humorist than is a Cockney busman or a smart potboy. He is a pert and pleasant fellow, with anecdote and repartee; he is instinctively quick, and depends on his wits as all illiterates must—but he is not a humorist. He is whimsical, but not witty—quite true to type, but not a humorist.

The elder Weller is far more deserving of that rich title. He is unctuous, portentous; he is ponderously jocose; he is almost Falstaffian. And with it all he is perfectly natural, and is quite unaware that his solemn profundity is irresistibly banal. This very fact makes him humorous. Tony Weller is a great conception—an early masterpiece from the hands of the genius who was afterwards to give the world Sapsea, Tigg, Cuttle, Pumblechook, Boythorn, and, of course, the supreme and unique Micawber.

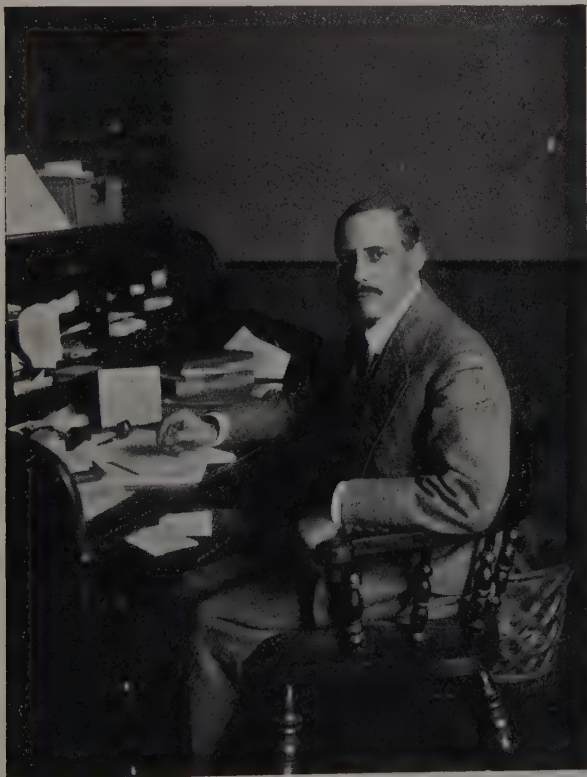
Yet the one masterpiece of humour in *Pickwick* is often overlooked and still more often misunderstood. I refer to Sergeant Buzfuz. His task was to fool a jury and to win a verdict, and to create a legal monstrosity out of nothing. Only a humorist could achieve such a

feat. He discerned a passion of the heart lurking beneath chops, an emotion of the soul throbbing in tomato sauce. This was genius—the genius of true humour. All the jest of his famous speech lies in the fact that he was perfectly aware of what he was doing. He was a strategist, not a dupe; a man of perception, not a flathead—in short, he was a keen lawyer, not a buffoon, and a lawyer with the saving grace of humour.

I dwell upon Buzfuz because he was the first really humorous character Dickens portrayed, and belongs to a class which he developed with such conspicuous success. Buzfuz is related, not in moral motive, but in method, to those arch-creations, Pumblechook and Pecksniff, actors also, and playing stupendous parts in imposture.

In a future article I hope to say a little more on the literary aspect of *Pickwick*, and to make a final attempt to define its true position.

The Writer of this Article



Mr. J. Cuming Walters is the Editor of "The Manchester City News," a Past President of The Dickens Fellowship, and Author of the much discussed "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood"

Scenes from "A Tale of Two Cities."



The Old Bailey.



Dickens writes.



St. Pancras old Church.



Temple Bar.



Rue St. Antoine.



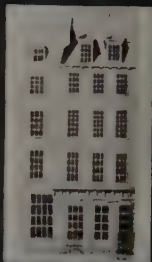
King's Bench Walk.



Dr. Manette's House, Soho.



The Royal George, Dover.



Tellson's Bank.



Cheater's Hill.



The Cheshire Cheese.



The Galliotime.



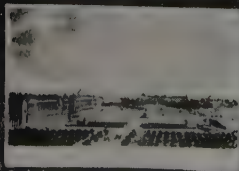
Beauvais.



The Gaol.



Hanging Sword Alley.



Paris, in 1778.



The Third Tumbrel.



Attack on the Bastille.

ONE CITY*

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

I.



ALTHOUGH the references to the Metropolis are not specially numerous, what there are of them are particularly interesting, for the London of *A Tale of Two Cities* is the London of the earlier half of George III.'s long reign, and thus, chronologically, the book takes its place next to *Barnaby Rudge*, the chief scenes of which occur but a few years before. This will be realised in the very first chapter, which is appropriately headed "The Period," and gives a rapid summary of the time of the story and the scenes amid which it opens.

This general survey gives point to the feelings of the travellers in the Dover Coach, of whom Mr. Jarvis Lorry, of Tellson's Bank, Fleet Street, was one, which are indicated in the following chapter thus: "The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses." In this state of mind they are overtaken by Jerry Cruncher, whom they not unnaturally at first suppose to be a gentleman of the road, especially as they have by this time arrived at Shooter's Hill, a locality favoured by highwaymen in those days for obvious reasons, and bearing almost as bad a reputation as Blackheath or Turnham Green.

II.

A description of Tellson's Bank awaits us in the opening chapter of Book II. "It was," writes Dickens, "an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very inconvenient. Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy, with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop with two little counters . . . by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar . . . Your deeds got into ex-temperised strong rooms made of kitchen and sculleries . . . Your lighter boxes of family papers went upstairs into a Barmecide room . . . where your letters were but newly released from the horror of being ogled through the windows, by the heads exposed on Temple Bar."

As is well known, the original of Tellson's was Child's Bank, situated directly next to Temple Bar, on the south side of the thoroughfare,

* Extracted by kind permission from the Author's "The London of Charles Dickens."

as its rebuilt successor is to-day, and known as No. 1 Fleet Street. Child's Bank has a long and remarkable history, and the names of some of its customers are historic. It was founded in 1671, so that when, in 1775, Mr. Lorry tells the waiter at the inn at Dover that Tellson's had been in existence nearly one hundred and fifty years, he was a little overstating the facts. In those days the famous Devil Tavern was next door, but during the course of the story—to be precise, in 1788—the Bank premises were extended to cover the site of Ben Jonson's favourite hostelry; and one thinks Dickens might have made something of this circumstance had he remembered it. The sign of the house was "The Marygold," perpetuating the name of the tavern which had previously stood on its site. The Bank depicted by Dickens is, of course, no longer in existence, having been pulled down in 1879 to make way for the present structure.

Outside Tellson's an odd-job man or occasional porter was wont to sit day by day, ready to do errands for the Bank. He had a wooden stool made out of a broken-backed chair cut down, which the son used to carry for his father every morning to its appointed place beneath the banking-house window nearest Temple Bar. The name by which this "honest tradesman," as he described himself (he had been so baptized in the parish church of Houndsditch), was known was Jerry Cruncher, and he lived with his "flopping" wife and red-haired offspring in Hanging Sword Alley, Whitefriars, close by. This not then savoury neighbourhood is a turning out of what is now known as Whitefriars Street, a name perpetuating that of the whole of this neighbourhood, where the Priory of the White Friars once stood, and where, in the reign of James I., debtors were free from apprehension, and the whole place was given up to undesirable and lawless inhabitants.

Hanging Sword Alley was once known as Blood-bowl Alley, from the Blood-bowl House, a notorious resort which figures in Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness" series. The later alternative name of the street was taken from the sign of the "Hanging Sword" on one of its houses, according to Stow.

III.

The Central Criminal Court now occupies the site of old Newgate Prison, which was pulled down in 1902, and of which relics may be seen in the Guildhall Museum. The last person hanged at Tyburn was John Austin, whose execution took place on 7th November, 1783; the first open-air hanging in front of Newgate being on the following 7th December.

Such was the place where the evidence of the spy, Barsad, and the "virtuous" servant, Roger Cly, was unable to swear away Darnay's life, and where Sydney Carton did so much in his indolent way to save him. After that trial, Carton, as we know, takes Darnay down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, up a covered way into a tavern, to recruit his strength after the ordeal.

The tavern selected was, no doubt, the famous Cheshire Cheese, in Wine Office Court, where "The Vicar of Wakefield" had been written

but twenty years earlier—a tavern with so large a history that it has filled a book.

Mr. Stryver had chambers in King's Bench Walk, Temple.

One may, to-day, select any one of the picturesque doorways as having once given access to the successful barrister's rooms, for the houses there, dating from the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and some of them due to Wren's genius, remain essentially as they were at the date of the story. If No. 3 was Stryver's, then he may have occupied the rooms of Goldsmith, who was living there in 1765. Paper Buildings, however, is new, and the ugly block was erected after the original had been destroyed in the famous fire of 1838. The earlier structure was "a row of goodly tenements," and probably rivalled in picturesqueness King's Bench Walk opposite; it dated from 1685, and replaced the buildings consumed in the Great Fire. Stryver's chambers were upstairs; for when Carton's work for the night was done, his host "followed him out on the staircase, with a candle, to light him down the stairs." We can follow the "jackal" "across a silent terrace," probably Crown Office Row, and with him climb "to a high chamber in a well of houses," which may have been Plowden Buildings, whose form and old-world air, amidst so much that is modern, recall those earlier days.

From the Temple to Soho as the crow flies is not a long journey; it was farther from Mr. Lorry coming from his lodgings in Clerkenwell, and forming one of the "hundreds of people" of whom Miss Pross complained as continually besetting Dr. Manette's house. This dwelling is generally supposed to be Carlisle House in Carlisle Street, although the good doctor's name has been given to another neighbouring street in Soho.

The quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street corner not far from Soho Square.

A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then, north of the Oxford Road, and forest trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed in the now vanished fields.

It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful place for echoes, and a very harbour from the raging streets.

The Doctor occupied two floors of a large still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day, but whereof little was audible any day, and which was shunned by all of them at night.

The region of Soho, in which Dr. Manette lived, and in which so much of the story passes, is one of the most interesting in London. You can hardly walk a yard in its little streets and byways without recalling some historic or literary name of eminence, or without coming across at least vestiges of some once splendid and fashionable dwellings.

For instance, at the very date of the tale, William Blake was living and working here, either in Broad Street from 1778 to 1787, or in Poland

Street from 1788 to 1793, where Shelley was to lodge some eighteen years later; in Great Marlborough Street Mrs. Siddons abode from 1790 till 1803; in Wardour Street Flaxman had his studio from 1782 to 1787; while Angelica Kauffmann was in Golden Square, whose stones re-echoed to the noise of carriages setting down all sorts of illustrious ones (including Sir Joshua) at her door: Sir Joseph Banks was in Soho Square; Sir Thomas Lawrence in Greek Street; and Edmund Burke, during the trial of Warren Hastings, in Gerrard Street, where, at the Turk's Head Tavern, the Literary Club, founded by Johnson, held its meetings till 1783.

One need not specify earlier residents: it is enough to enumerate some of those who were at one time or another neighbours of the little circle of Carlisle House, whose fortunes we are following.

If you visit the place to-day you can see the actual spot where the Doctor of Beauvais dwelt, and, perhaps, if you listen carefully, hear again the echo of those footsteps that were destined to bring so many tragic happenings into this seemingly peaceful retreat.

In the course of time Lucie is married to Darnay, from Dr. Manette's house, at a neighbouring church, obviously St. Anne's, Soho, which was then without its present steeple, that feature being erected only in 1802, although the fabric itself had been built in 1686. The work of reconstruction later undertaken at St. Anne's by Sir Arthur Blomfield—about 1865—materially changed the features of the church as it was known to the Manette family.

A GREAT EXPECTATIONS PLAY AT "WHITEFIELDS"

ALTHOUGH I had always heard such excellent reports of the annual Dickens Festivals at "Whitefields," in Tottenham Court Road, I never had the opportunity of witnessing one, until December last, when I had the pleasure of being present at the twenty-third Festival, a performance of *Great Expectations*, adapted and produced by Mrs. G. W. Panzetta. Altogether an admirable representation of this most dramatic story. These actors have a long and varied experience in Dickens parts: Mr. Percy Gayler most successfully doubled the parts of the Sergeant and Herbert Pocket. Mr. Harry Dunlop was a fascinating Wemmick, so much so that I am now fully convinced that the original was an Irishman!; and Mr. Harry Charles was so excellent as Pumblechook that I wish he had more to do. One could hardly fancy a better cast for Mrs. Joe than Miss Gertrude Heaton, and Miss Ethel Bagley's Miss Havisham was played with wonderful restraint; so was the part of "The Aged," by Miss Alice Bagley, who had earlier appeared as Sarah Pocket.

I have missed mentioning several other members of this talented company, but only for want of space. I am looking forward to the twenty-fourth annual festival at "Whitefields" with a deal of pleasure.

W. D.

FROM DAY TO DAY

VICTOR SHKLOVSKY, the chief of the Russian "Formalists," has written an elaborate analysis of *Little Dorrit*.

* * *

A dramatic version, in Russian, of *The Battle of Life* has just been produced in Paris.

* * *

Mr. Justice Roche recently said to a litigant in the King's

Bench Division, "You are wasting your time in litigation, and will become crazy some day if you do not mind. Go and read *Bleak House*, if you have not read it."

* * * * *

Mr. Lloyd George, in connexion with the recent coal strike, said: "He (the Prime Minister) expounds the harshest negatives of capitalism with the gentle tones of a sucking dove. They (the owners) go back to him with a proposal, and he just simply gurgles 'coo' and they scamper away. There has been nothing like it since Betsy Trotwood chased the donkeys from her front lawn with a brush."

* * * * *

Discussing the phantasies of diet and the abuses of meat-eating, a contemporary said, "And Mr. Bumble must be quoted on the same side. When confronted with the wickedness of *Oliver Twist*, he declared, it will be remembered, that the boy's violence was caused, not by madness, but by Meat."

* * * * *

New York is creating its own form of what are known as Wellerisms. The latest is, "I guess I have lost another pupil, as the professor said when his glass eye rolled down the sink."

* * * * *

Mr. Ford has been talking Dickens to an interviewer, and a bragging match began.

"I have a Dickens's penknife," he said, "with his name engraved on it."

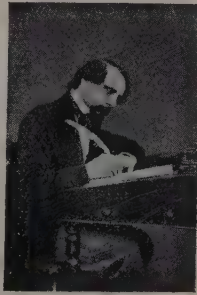
"I bought him that," said Mrs. Ford.

"I've worked in the office he used to have as Editor of the 'Daily News,'" I said.

"We have a silver cup that belonged to him, too," said Mr. Ford.

"I think I've sat in his own chair," I countered.

And then Mrs. Ford beat me, continues the interviewer, by describing some of the first editions of Dickens's works they possess, and declaring that she and her husband already planned to re-read two of his books together this winter.



WOMEN IN THE HOME

By CHARLES DICKENS

[NOTE.—The manuscript of this interesting contribution by Dickens, to the question of Education and the influence of Women in the Home, is in the possession of Mr. Frank S. Johnson, and is to be seen at The Dickens House. It was undoubtedly intended as an introduction or preface to some papers on educational matters, but, so far, its publication cannot be traced. It is hoped that this note will lead to the discovery of the pamphlet, which was probably printed about 1850-55.]

AT no period in the history of England since the Reformation began its vast changes in the condition of the people has the question of Education in its bearings on their future habits assumed so important an aspect as at the present time. Among a variety of causes which continue to render the subject one of the greatest moment, especially in connexion with Female Training, there is one which seems naturally to fall within the range of this little pamphlet. Those advances in the arts of producing the comforts and appliances of life for which the present age is remarkable, and which place enjoyments and even temptations in the way of very many within whose reach they used not to come, cannot fail to have wrought a great change in the ways of living that prevail among many classes. Where such facilities are directed, only to the purpose of extravagant, thoughtless, and selfish expenditure, a very poor and bad acknowledgement is rendered for the possession of blessings that should be the source of true thankfulness of heart—a thankfulness giving birth to a higher and stronger desire strenuously to discharge the duties of life. Here the women of a family possess a quiet but a mighty influence. On their sense of the great responsibility resting with them, and on their manner of discharging their duties as wives, mothers, and sisters, upon whom (though there should be tens of thousands of admirable schools) must mainly depend, after all, the care of childhood, the cultivation of youth, and the acquisition by men, of habits of order, prudent economy, and honorable principle. These essentials are daily becoming more and more highly esteemed, not only by working men, but by no class more than by that large and influential body, the employers of young men in mercantile houses. Upon those young men, upon their zeal, attention, and probity, the wealth and credit of the country rests for much of its support; and whether, in their various stations and degrees, those of a character equal to their trust shall be many or few in number, greatly depends upon the social habits of their families. Thus, although that kind of knowledge which has of late been popularly called the *Knowledge of Common Things*, may seem at first sight to be mainly wanted by the Poor, because the more obvious exigencies of their lives render the need of it the more apparent, it is absolutely certain that the want of such knowledge, in any grade of life, will have its lowering tendency on morals, on efficiency, and on happiness.

In the papers now under consideration, the importance of the direct

example of Teachers on their Pupil-Teachers and on the children under their care, is dwelt upon with great truth and propriety. In regard to the larger question of social Example in general, direct and indirect, it is most earnestly suggested to all who may chance to read these pages, that no attention or inattention to Duty, can by possibility stop short at the individual to whom its merit or its blame attaches. Good example and Bad example, in anything and in everything, influence individuals and from them extend to classes; so that all of us, in every action of our lives incur a responsibility, almost as difficult to estimate as it is impossible to evade. No human influence towards the formation of habit can be stronger than that of the female members of a family; for, the tone of their minds, their tastes, their sense, and their habits of management, work out the attractive or the unattractive qualities of Home.

MOSES PICKWICK'S CLOCK

Presented to The Dickens House



HIS grandfather clock was formerly the property of Moses Pickwick, who in the early nineteenth century carried on an important business as a stage coach and hotel proprietor at the famous White Hart Inn, Bath, first in partnership with his brother Eleazer Pickwick, and afterwards as sole proprietor. It was from this Moses Pickwick that Charles Dickens derived the name of the immortal founder of the Pickwick Club.

Readers of *Pickwick* will remember that in Chapter XXXV. the novelist describes the surprise of Sam Weller at seeing the name "Moses Pickwick" inscribed on the door of the coach in which his master was to travel to Bath, and it was at the White Hart, then the most popular hotel in Bath, that Mr. Pickwick put up on his arrival.

The clock, the maker of which was William Townley, of Temple Cloud, a village near Bristol, stood in the coach office of the White Hart during Moses Pickwick's proprietorship.

On the retirement of his brother Eleazer in 1835, Moses assumed entire control of the extensive business. Eleazer died in 1837, leaving a large fortune. Moses survived him 32 years.

After carrying on business for many years Moses Pickwick also retired about 1841, removing furniture, etc., including this clock, from the White Hart for his personal use.

The White Hart was demolished in 1867, the present Pump Room Hotel occupying its site.

Moses Pickwick remained in Bath after his retirement, his last place of residence being at 8 Henrietta Street, Bathwick, Bath, where he passed away on January 24th, 1869.

The clock and other property were left to his landlady, Mrs. Mary Hancock, who, as will be seen from his death certificate, was present

at his death at Henrietta Street. On her demise the clock passed to her son, who disposed of it by auction through Messrs. Short and Co., auctioneers of Bath, the purchaser being Mr. Sidney Platt, of Stall Street, the thoroughfare in which the White Hart was formerly situated. In 1901 Mr. Platt disposed of the clock to Mr. C. A. Williams, of Devonshire Place, Bath. There are certificates from the auctioneers and Mr. Platt vouching for its identity.

In 1902 Mr. C. A. Williams exhibited the clock and the original certificate of Moses Pickwick's death at a Dickens Exhibition at Bath, from which the certificate was stolen; hence the copy included among the authenticating documents. Mr. Williams died in 1908, and the clock then passed into the possession of his son, Mr. J. C. Williams, formerly of Bath, and now of Bedford, who, in 1926, hearing of the inauguration of the Dickens Museum at 48 Doughty Street, London, and desiring the retention of this interesting Pickwickian relic in this country, afforded the Dickens Fellowship the opportunity of acquiring it for the Museum under favourable conditions.

This was brought to the notice of Alderman Sir James Roll, Bart., Lord Mayor of London in 1920, and President of the City Pickwick Club, who purchased the clock and generously presented it to the Trustees of the Museum, thus ensuring its preservation in the appropriate surroundings afforded by this house, where many chapters of *Pickwick* were written.

WALTER CHURCHER.

THE USEFUL HELP

A FEW REMARKS ON HOUSEHOLD DUTIES

By KATHARINE KELLY



IN these days when everybody has to do most of their own housework, it is consoling to do it, as it were, with Dickens looking over one's shoulder. For instance, in the struggle for punctuality, that harassing race with an unfeeling clock, it takes off the edge to recall Mr. Snagsby's mild resentment that time when Mr. and Mrs. Chadband were late for tea.

"What's time," says Mrs. Snagsby, "to eternity?"

"Very true, my dear," says Mr. Snagsby. "Only when a person lays in victuals for tea, a person does it with a view—perhaps—more to time. And when a time is

named for having tea, it's better to come up to it."

And even the hard old clock seems to smile, or else one looks at it more cheerfully.

Some people are so high and mighty that they disdain to read *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* on the ground that Dickens did not live to finish it. The enthusiastic Droodist regards them with pity. Among the many good things of which they deprive themselves is Mrs. Billickin's housekeeping advice to Rosa, with its smart side-slaps at the excellent Miss Twinkleton.

"Thus, on the daily-arising question of dinner, Miss Twinkleton would say, the three being present together :

'Perhaps, my love, you will consult with the person of the house whether she can procure us a lamb's fry; or, failing that, a roast fowl.'

"On which the Billickin would retort (Rosa not having spoken a word), 'If you was better accustomed to butcher's meat, miss, you would not entertain the idea of a lamb's fry. Firstly, because lambs has long been sheep; and, secondly, because there is such things as killing days, and there is not. As to roast fowls, miss, why you must be quite surfeited with roast fowls, letting alone your buying, when you market for yourself, the agedest of poultry with the scaliest of legs, quite as if you was accustomed to picking 'em out for cheapness. Try a little invention, miss. Use yourself to 'ousekeeping a bit. Come, now, think of somethink else.'

"To this encouragement, offered with the indulgent toleration of a wise and liberal expert, Miss Twinkleton would rejoin, reddening :

"'Or, my dear, you might propose to the person of the house a duck."

"'Well, miss!' the Billickin would exclaim (still no words being spoken by Rosa), 'you do surprise me when you speak of ducks! Not to mention that they're getting out of season and very dear, it really strikes to my heart to see you have a duck: for the breast, which is the only delicate cuts in a duck, always goes in a direction which I cannot imagine where, and your own plate comes down so miserably skin-and-bony! Try again, miss. Think more of yourself, and less of others. A dish of sweetbreads, now, or a bit of mutton. Something at which you can get your equal chance.'"

Or should one feel the least bit lazy about preparing dinner, Mrs. Crupp's ghost rises before one, with everything from the pastrycook's, and she herself left with full liberty to concentrate her mind on the potatoes, and to serve up the cheese and celery as she could wish to see it done!

Of course, one could go on almost indefinitely. Betsy Prig's pocket, for example—aren't you glad we use shopping baskets now? Tom Pinch, you remember, put the meat in his pocket (or rather the butcher did it for him, for "meat must be humoured, not drove"), which seems displeasing now. And the way both Rumpty and Micawber retrieved disaster at the last moment with the grill (though with Bella's cooking, I don't think the potatoes would need to be tested with a fork before the greens were even prepared, and the fowls scarcely put before the fire).

TWO THOUSAND MILES OF DICKENS LAND

A WONDERFUL MOTOR TOUR

By C. T. ROADE



THE request of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of New Neopolis, Mich., U.S.A., that they wanted to see all the Dickens land of England within the brief period of their stay, was rather a stiff proposition! London and Kent, yes; but Bowes, Bath and Blundestone are rather distant parts! Well, it was June; I hadn't had a week-end for some months; the opportunity was too good to lose; so with the two ladies in the back seat of my comfortable car, and Mr. Jackson by my side—and a pile of Dexter and Matz, and a Harper or two, plus a bundle of maps, we started off before the London traffic had begun to mass in too great proportions, and running out first to Camden Town, we took a peep at the little house in Johnson Street where Dickens lived as a boy; now the David Copperfield Library—a sure ray of sunshine in this drab locality; then we made for the Hampstead Road, passing the house at the corner of Granby Street where young Charles went to school, and passed into the Euston Road, and along Marylebone Road to No. 1 Devonshire Terrace. We could not leave London on a Dickens pilgrimage without nodding a greeting to 48 Doughty Street, so we turned east here for this purpose, and then crossed the Thames by Blackfriars Bridge, and by the Dog and Pot made for the historic Borough, St. George's Church, the Marshalsea, Lant Street, Horsemonger Lane, and then left Dickens London behind for a few miles until we revived it in Blackheath and the Dover Road. As we quickly sped up the broad clear Shooter's Hill, "all out," on top gear, we were able to draw a striking contrast with the Dover mail which went "lumbering up" some hundred and fifty years ago and provided an exciting incident in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

We were sorely tempted to try the New Dover Road, which branches off to the right just short of Dartford, but we felt we must follow the track of the Pickwickians' Commodore Coach, of David Copperfield, Mr. Dorrit and his glorious equipage, and many others—not forgetting Dickens himself *en route* for Dover and the Continent in pre-Gads Hill days; and so we kept to the old and narrow way through Dartford and Gravesend, to Chalk, and past the little tree-embowered wooden cottage where, in 1836, Dickens spent his honeymoon and wrote a part of *Pickwick*. Our map showed us that a turn to the right would quickly bring us to the New Road and to Cobham, where the "Leather Bottle," unhappily restored to pre-Dickens days, still hangs out its Pickwickian sign. Of course we stopped here to inspect the "long low-roofed room" in which Mr. Tupman sought forgetfulness of the charms of Old Wardle's spinster sister, behind a well laden table.

A few miles of winding lane—skirting the first part of the way the

lovely park of Lord Darnley, admired by Mr. Pickwick and Dickens alike, soon brought us to Gads Hill Place, the Mecca of all good Dickensians.



Gads Hill

I am ashamed to say we lost ourselves in the narrow lanes between Lower Higham and Cooling, although I had previously driven over the same roads with Colonel Gadd for guide, still, in spite of a lack of signposts to guide us, we saw all there was to

see in this interesting marsh country of *Great Expectations*, and arrived at the Bull Hotel in Rochester in good time for their usual lunch in the ancient ball room on the first floor, up the stairs where Slammer challenged Jingle, in Tupman's dress suit, to a duel.

I would dearly love to put on record here the great appreciation Mr. and Mrs. Jackson expressed for this city of Dickens: the time-worn castle and cathedral, the quaint gateway of John Jasper, the still quainter Watts's Charity, Eastgate House, Pumblechook's Premises, Restoration House and the wealth of associations they recalled; but has not our Editor written practically all there is to be said about the associations of the Rochester district in his "Kent of Dickens"? So I must perforce curb my inclinations.

The two houses in which Dickens lived at Chatham, and the Mitre Hotel, were not overlooked, and the afternoon was yet young when we passed through "the sunny streets of Canterbury," full of little David Copperfield, Agnes and Uriah Heep—whom we could almost fancy we saw looking over the blinds of the house near the impressive West Gate.

Tea at the Fountain Hotel, where Dickens used to stay, was very refreshing after an hour in the cathedral and a glimpse of the Sun Inn where Micawber stayed.

The last lap of our first day was ended at the Albion Hotel at Broadstairs that evening. Only a little over seventy miles that day—but what a seventy miles of Dickens interest!



Ordinance Terrace,
Chatham



Corn Exchange,
Rochester

This gave us the advantage of taking in Winchester on the way, for we had no desire to confine ourselves solely to Dickens. Salisbury is quite a Dickens in good time for fine example of an White Hart, where his famous dinner doubtless, Tigg dined Pecksniff a he was brutally Jonas Chuzzlewit the road to London.



Rochester Castle

a little way out of the track for us, but a few miles are of no moment with a fast car, and we could not leave the district without a look at what was probably Mr. Pecksniff's village.

Thanks to the long evenings of Summer Time, ninety miles between tea and dinner is easily accomplished if you do not mind dining late. We had telephoned from Salisbury to the new London Hotel at Exeter—where Dickens always stayed—and secured our rooms and ordered dinner for nine o'clock, so set forth on our journey through Somerset into Devon. We followed the route recommended by the A.A., *via* Amesbury to Honiton, in place of the main road through Shaftesbury, and this gave us the opportunity of seeing Stonehenge, and recalling that Dickens, Mark Lemon and Forster spent a few days in the district in 1848.

Eighty-seven miles of gorgeous scenery brought us to Exeter, the scene of some of

Something over a hundred miles of coast road through Dover and Folkestone and Brighton, in all of which towns Dickens spent many summer months, brought us to the birth-place at Portsmouth, which we were able to inspect before lunch.

Our plan was to run straight through Salisbury and make Exeter our resting place that night, but talk of Vincent Crummles and the Portsmouth Theatre reminded us of the walk of Nicholas and Smike from London to Portsmouth, so we resolved on a little detour along the London Road as far as Milford in order to view the famous Hindhead to which Nicholas made apt reference, and to see the little road-side public house—now a cottage—where Nicholas fell in with Vincent Crummles.

city, and we were afternoon tea at the English hotel, the John Westlock gave party and where, Montague also few hours before struck down by in a wood close by Winterbourne was



Mercery Lane,
Canterbury



The Birthplace

the early reporting experiences of Dickens. We followed his example and stayed at the New London Inn, a glorious example of the old English coaching house adapted to modern requirements. It was not my first visit there, and I can safely recommend it as satisfying every requirement of the traveller. Before garaging the car we ran to the outskirts of the town to see the little cottage at Alphington which Dicken took for his mother and father in 1839.

The effect of the visits at various times to see his parents is reflected in *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Old Curiosity Shop*, where we find frequent references to the West Country.

(To be continued)

The Leather Bottle,
CobhamRestoration House,
Rochester

The Chalet

QUAINT SIGNS OF OLDE INNS

THIS is an entertaining book which every touring motorist should carry on the car. It not only contains the history of several Dickensian inn signs, but of many others not a bit less interesting, to be seen in the course of any day's ride. Herbert Jenkins Limited publishes it at 7s. 6d.

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 send it to
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If you have not such a possession, and would like to make a present, the Hon. Secretary to the Trustees will advise you what to buy that will be most acceptable; or a Donation to the Funds will be a great help. As you love Dickens, please help The Dickens House,
 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1

CHRISTMAS EVE AT TRINITY CEMETERY

By A. A. HOPKINS

TRINITY CEMETERY (which those unacquainted with New York must not confuse with the famous Trinity Church) is annually, on Christmas Eve, the scene of an impressive ceremony: for here is the grave of Dickens's son, Alfred Tennyson Dickens. I am pleased to be able to present a photograph of the event on last Christmas Eve, as for six years we have tried to photograph it, but without success.

When I reached the cloister of Dr. Gates' little "Chapel," with a wreath as large as an artillery wheel, and very prickly, the rain



was coming down in torrents. A lantern that looked as if it would be weather proof was secured, and the end of the service was awaited in the snug hall. Then the procession was formed with the cross bearer, three trumpeters, Dr. Gates, and the two wreath bearers, followed by children of all ages each carrying a lantern. The grave of Alfred Tennyson Dickens is right on the Broadway side of the cemetery. Finally, lanterns hove in sight, flares became visible, and the procession came panting up the terraces. A hymn was played, a prayer was said, and the two wreaths were placed on the grave simultaneously. The picture was fairly successful, and shows Dr. Gates and myself depositing the two wreaths "devoutly kneeling" as the Prayer Book says. A picture of the scene can never match the reality—a romantic cemetery, an unmarked grave, weird lights among the trees, and torrents of rain. It is a scene worth a day's travel,

MORE "DRAMA AND DICKENS"



ANOTHER valuable contribution to this subject, which has recently been so much in evidence, is made by J. B. Van Amerongen in his book, "The Actor in Dickens" (Cecil Palmer, 7s. 6d.). In the introduction the author writes "Whether we read the record of his (Dickens's) life, peruse his novels, or turn over the leaves of his correspondence, everywhere this love of things theatrical is conspicuous," and adds that he has "made an attempt at filling what I consider to be a gap in the extensive Dickens literature." He succeeds in his attempt, and has produced a monu-

mental work, indicative of vast research and years of untiring labour, which is a fitting companion to the most famous standard work on Dickens. It is not possible in a few paragraphs to do more than indicate the scope of the volume. The subject is divided into The Man as Actor and Reader: and The Writer: Playwright and Novelist, and is supplemented by a valuable chapter on the Stage in Dickens's Playgoing Days, together with a comprehensive appendix.

In a book of this character minor errors are inevitable, and no doubt Mr. Amerongen has himself already noticed them—e.g., Codlin and Short are in one place represented as being in *Our Mutual Friend*: Dickens is referred to as having given "lectures" in America—but there are one or two serious mis-statements that should be corrected at the earliest opportunity, particularly that on page 51, where there is reference to Dickens's "divorce"; and the statement that Mr. Francesco Berger composed the music for "The Lighthouse." The author's enthusiasm outruns his knowledge of English when he quotes, in illustration of Dickens's love of anything theatrical, the latter's use of the phrase "lumbering along like a *stage-waggon*" (the italics are mine)! Indeed, the latter portion of the volume is so crammed with examples, some of which seem a trifle far-fetched, to illustrate the author's text, that one is almost persuaded to overlook the fact that, after all, Dickens, despite his shortcomings, was one of the greatest of *novelists*. This fault is, however, redeemed by the last paragraph, which concludes with the words:

"It is the histrionic qualities in both Shakespeare and Dickens that accounts to a large extent for the power which the Elizabethan as well as the Victorian master will . . . never cease to exercise."

with which sentiment we can all cordially agree.

The bibliography appears to comprise all the known Dickensiana, including references to quotations from periodicals over the past 60 years. Dickensians should be grateful to Mr. Amerongen for a very valuable addition to the standard books on Dickens.—A. E. B. C.

THE LARGEST BRANCH OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP



The Dickens Memorial Dining
Hall at Bolton Camp, Ontario

THE largest Branch of The Dickens Fellowship is at Toronto. It celebrated its coming of age in May last by presenting the Charles Dickens Memorial Dining Hall to the Neighbourhood Workers' Association at Bolton Camp in Ontario. It is specially designed to accommodate 200 boys, most of whom are from the poorer homes of the city, and under nourished. The camp offers them ample opportunities for splendid physical development, and we offer our sincerest congratulations to the Branch on its splendid achievement. This is only one of the many excellent gifts in the great cause of the betterment of the people of Toronto which are to the lasting credit of the Toronto Branch of the Fellowship. We reproduce a portrait of Mr. J. W. McFadden herewith. He is Assistant Crown Attorney of the City of Toronto, and has held the office of President of the Branch since 1924.



Mr J W. McFadden

LONDON NOTES

Mr. F. W. T. Lange, who has been Hon. Librarian of The Dickens House since its opening, has, we regret to say, resigned on account of ill-health. We wish him a speedy recovery, and tender him our thanks for the excellent services he has rendered.

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Any London members desirous of helping the work of Headquarters should get into touch with Mr. Edwards at The Dickens House. Assistance of all sorts is required, and plenty of it.

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Mr. F. C. Ray spends most of his days now at Doughty Street, and we are very thankful for all his generous assistance

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Several members of the Executive Committee have been continuing their excellent propaganda work during the past few months. Their services are always honorary, but when they lecture outside the Fellowship, a fee is demanded, and it is handed over to the funds of The Dickens House.

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Mr. W. H. Lowry has been giving lectures on behalf of the Fellowship at Ealing and Hounslow.

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Mr. W. B. Warren recently lectured in a similar capacity to a large and appreciative audience at the Fulham Public Library; and at Wanstead for the benefit of The Dickens House.

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Mr. S. J. Rust visited the Liverpool Branch early in January with a lecture on "The London of Dickens."

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At the request of the Fellowship, Mr. Walter Dexter advised in the production of the Dickens cards now included in each packet of Sunripe Cigarettes. Valuable prizes are being given for collections of the cartons. Mr. Dexter's services were appreciated by a generous donation to the funds of The Dickens House.

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Mr. Walter Dexter lectured on "The Kent of Dickens" at the first meeting of the newly-formed branch at Bromley, Kent, in the hall of the Public Library.

* * * * *

In February Mr. Dexter gave his lecture "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages" at the Lewisham Road Baptist Church, for the benefit of The Dickens House, and on behalf of the Fellowship at Groome's Crippleage, Clerkenwell; he also visited the Leyton Branch with the same lecture.

* * * * *

The meetings this session have been more than usually successful and well attended.

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The Whist Drive at the end of November was the best Mr. Warren has yet arranged, and we all want to know how he manages to find a balance to hand over to Doughty Street.

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Mr. Frank Johnson gave a repetition of his recital of the *Carol* just before Christmas. It was excellently rendered, and the large audience was most appreciative. Mr. Will Owen occupied the chair.

The Christmas party at the Caxton Hall lost none of its old attractions: several late-comers were surprised to find no further tickets available the evening before. The feature of the evening was the mirthful skit, written and produced by Mr. Frank Staff, of the last scene of a drama supposed to have been produced by Mr. Vincent Crummies and his company.

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Mr. Frank S. Johnson, the Vice-Chairman of the Council, has been reciting for the benefit of The Dickens House during the past few months at Lewisham, Leyton, Woolwich and Herne Bay.

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The outstanding feature of the annual Christmas treats to the scholars of "The Charles Dickens" Schools in Lant Street was the unveiling of a bust of Dickens in the Boys' Department by Mr. W. Pett Ridge. In doing this, and alluding to the associations of Dickens with Lant Street, Mr. Pett Ridge declared that Dickens was the greatest publicity agent Lant Street ever had, and *The Pickwick Papers* as "the most fascinating book in the English language." It was appropriate that the bust now unveiled should be given by the Dickens Fellowship. He was sure it was safe in the custody of the Schools, and would often be looked upon with affection by the scholars. Mr. Hawkins (Head Master), in accepting the custody of the bust, thanked the Fellowship for this additional evidence of its interest in the Schools. They would treasure the bust, not for its intrinsic value, but because it would ever remind them of the great man and the enduring treasures of his mind, and if it helped the lads to read his works it would be achieving a great thing, leading them to a better understanding of human nature.

A similar function took place in the Girls' Department on the following day, when the unveiling of a duplicate bust, the gift of Miss Lauder (Head Mistress), was performed by Mr. E. H. Burden.

As usual a substantial tea was provided for each department, and buns and oranges distributed as the scholars left. This was followed by a musical programme, which included some well rendered scenes from Dickens enacted by the boys and girls. The tea arrangements were admirably carried out under the direction of Mrs. A. W. Edwards, by a number of lady members, assisted by the teachers.

* * * * *

Whether or not Dickens's best men were bachelors was debated at the Memorial Hall on January 12th, Miss Peggy Webling maintaining the affirmative. In an eloquent speech she rapidly surveyed the leading books, and selected many bachelors who had claims to be "best men." The inclusion of Uriah Heep and an incautious mention of *Oliver Twist* gave Mr. S. J. Rust, who opposed the proposition, an opening for some good-humoured banter in the course of his clever reply. Many members of the audience took part in the discussion that followed, and some excellent and witty speeches were made. One by Miss Catchpole on the "married" side being vociferously applauded. The chair was ably filled by Mrs. Ch. de Crespigny, who conducted the proceedings with absolute impartiality, and announced at the close that the show of hands gave a good majority to the married men. Altogether a most successful evening.

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On January 22nd, at the Central Hall, Westminster, Mrs. Henderson and her gifted band of lady pupils gave "A Dickens Evening" in

aid of the funds of The Dickens House. Many old favourites, with some less familiar selections, were given with a finished elocution and a dramatic force which did equal credit to teacher and students. Where such a high level of excellence was maintained it would be quite invidious to particularise, but mention must be made of Mrs. Henderson's own contribution to the programme, that little gem, "The Child's Story," rendered with that perfection of simplicity which is the truest, as well as the highest art. The entertainment was arranged by Mr. Percy Carden, and Mr. Frank Johnson was in the chair.

* * * * *

We are pleased to be able to give a portrait of Miss Maud Grantham, who delighted us recently, and not for the first time,



with her excellent art. Miss Grantham came to England from Melbourne (where she had been a prominent member of the Fellowship) three or four years ago, and appears likely to make her permanent home here. She tells me her love of Dickens was inherited—but in that she is not singular—and it led her to memorise, first of all, two of the *Christmas Books* for her own pleasure. Later came an opportunity of a public appearance in Sydney, when the critics were so encouraging that she decided to adopt reciting as a profession. Although other authors have been added to her repertoire, Dickens is still the favourite with her and most of her audiences. When she lately had the honour to recite for the Queen at Sandringham Women's Institute, Her Majesty chose "Richard Double-dick" as her first story, and

expressed herself as extremely interested in it.

* * * * *

The Rev. T. Faulkner Jefferis gave his Dickens lecture-recital on February 16th at the Memorial Hall. Mr. W. Pett Ridge occupied the chair, and a collection was taken for the "David Copperfield Library" at the house in Johnson Street, Camden Town.

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A further birthday celebration was held the following day at St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate, kindly placed at the disposal of the Fellowship by the Rector, when Mr. Arthur Burrell, M.A., delivered an inspiring address on Dickens to a very large gathering.

* * * * *

The Dinner of the Executive Committee, which followed the Council Meeting of January last, was a great success. The next dinner will be held on Saturday, April 2nd. These informal gatherings, in which any member interested is invited to join, are very helpful in promoting good fellowship among the active members.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN EDINBURGH

THE story of the Edinburgh Branch of the Dickens Fellowship is one of continuous progress and enthusiasm. The branch was started on 17th January, 1903, and the twenty-four years that have since elapsed have seen its early and purely literary activities develop through its Dramatic Section into the more practical side of social service. The first minute of the Branch records "a small attendance," but it is obvious from the fact of the Fellowship being then and there formed with a full complement of office bearers that the enthusiasm of the first Dickensians far outweighed their numbers. From that point there has been a steady rise in membership, until in 1926 there were over 400 names on the members' roll. Included in the membership are many ladies who have more especially devoted themselves to the social work of the Fellowship.

The Fellowship has always been fortunate in its lectures: year after year it has been able to secure the services of outstanding public men and women to lecture on the work of Charles Dickens. This accounts in no small measure for its large and successful meetings. Indeed, it is certain that the work of the Fellowship appeals to a much larger circle than that of its members.

From an early period of its history, the Fellowship has endeavoured to put into practice those precepts of benevolence and of social service that Dickens by his works sought to inculcate. Notably, in 1918 it raised as a result of Dramatic Performances the sum of £120 for local charities; and, again, in 1923 it realised by a "Tiny Tim" Fair the sum of £560 in aid of the Cripple Home. And every year, mindful of Dickens's love for children, the Fellowship sends Christmas hampers of clothing, toys and sweets to two Edinburgh charities for poor children. In this respect of its activities it is carrying out quietly, but effectively, a great work of benevolence in Edinburgh and District, and of this there has been frequently public recognition.

From the above statement it will be seen that the early determination of the Fellowship "to work together in spreading the love of humanity" has had a very practical result. Finally, at the present time, the Fellowship, in all of its work, is in a flourishing condition, with ardour unabated. Its position among Edinburgh societies is, indeed, unique, for it seeks to get beyond its purely literary boundaries into the region of social service, and this work it is accomplishing successfully.

Membership of the Edinburgh Branch, like that of the whole Fellowship throughout the world, is open to every reader of Dickens. There is no need to pass any tests in knowledge of the author.

The subscription is 5s. per annum, and includes (in addition to the monthly meetings during the winter) a copy of *The Dickensian* each quarter.

The Secretary is Mrs. Pearson Callum, 9 Belle Vue Crescent, Edinburgh.

"BARNABY RUDGE" AND CHIGWELL

By ANDREW T. WINTERSGILL

I.



FOR many years I have been somewhat sceptical about the claims of the present "King's Head Inn" at Chigwell to be the Maypole Inn of *Barnaby Rudge*. Recent visits and further study of the questions involved have, I am afraid, revived all my old doubts. This paper is therefore written (1) to give expression to my difficulties, with some of the reasons which make them difficulties to me, and (2) to elicit further information from fellow Dickensians which will, possibly, enable us to make a more plausible theory than that generally accepted.

I am in the same position as expressed by Mr. Archibald Clarke in the "Essex Review" for April, 1925, for I know that "many of his (Dickens's) readers, who know Chigwell, and who are well acquainted with *Barnaby Rudge*, are at a loss to identify the village and its neighbourhood as described in the book with the real scenes as they actually existed, and, it may be added, as they now exist." In support of his statement of this difficulty he quotes the following note by Mr. Eliot Howard, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex, printed on page 39 of the "Essex Review" for 1912:—

"I am indebted to Miss Powell, of Buckhurst Hill, for the following interesting note. When *Barnaby Rudge* came out there was much speculation in the neighbourhood of Chigwell as to the locality in the author's mind, for it was evident that the inn described as the 'Maypole' was the 'King's Head' (although much exaggerated), but the absence of a village green at Chigwell, and the close proximity of the Church to the inn, and other details, did not fit the story. Mrs. N. Powell, an old friend and neighbour of Dickens, asked him about it. He replied, 'The fact is, I patched it. The place in my mind was Chigwell Row, but I moved the King's Head Inn to the site of the real 'Maypole' as more suitable for my story"

Mr. Howard concluded his note thus: "Probably the Church in the story was meant for old Chigwell Church, for the church at Chigwell Row is quite modern."

I may here say that my doubts arose quite independently of those expressed by Messrs. Clarke and Howard; and it was not until April, 1925, that I heard of what Dickens said to Mrs. Powell. Mr. Eliot Howard is a D.L. and a J.P. for Essex, and is well known throughout the county, and particularly the south-west portion of it. Through his kindness I have become acquainted with Mrs. Powell's surviving children, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Powell and his two sisters, who have confirmed the story told by Mr. Howard, and have given me many very interesting details connected with the time when the Powell family were intimate friends and neighbours of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. They actually lived next door to Tavistock House.

When I recently inspected the interior of the *present* “King’s Head Inn” I obtained a copy of a small booklet, written by the late Mr. W. Chapman Waller, of Ash Green, Loughton, compiled for and issued by the present freeholders of the Inn. It contains the following very interesting statement concerning the history of the House :—

“The next bit of evidence we have is furnished by a title-deed of 1845. From a plan accompanying this, it appears that the ‘King’s Head’ as we *now* know it had passed through an intermediate stage, probably after the Forest Courts had ceased to be held, and when no further use for a great room existed. At any rate, at



Photo by]

[T. W. Tyrrell

The King’s Head, Chigwell

some time prior to 1841, when Charles Dickens visited it with Forster, *it was a boarding-school*, being a messuage described as ‘The White House’ or ‘The Great House,’ *while on the site of the cottages adjoining was the ‘King’s Head Inn.’*”

The Managing Director of Messrs. Mann, Crossman and Paulin informs me that Mr. Chapman Waller compiled the booklet at his request and “with the help of deeds, and with his great knowledge of local history, assisted by the ‘History of Epping Forest.’” (probably Fisher’s monumental work). The deeds referred to are :—

18th July, 1845, describing the property as the White House, or Great House, or King’s Head :

7th May, 1846, with plan showing the present cottages and rooms

over arch as being the King's Head ; and the *present* King's Head marked ' King's Head Inn,' which was " formerly two messuages."

To this information he adds : " When the *present* ' King's Head ' became the Inn is not clear." From my own careful examination of all the deeds connected with the old and the present Inns, it is clear that what is now called the King's Head was not an Inn when Dickens and Forster visited Chigwell together in 1841. The " delicious old Inn opposite the churchyard," to which Dickens invited Forster, was undoubtedly the *old* " King's Head." Here I may remind my readers that Dickens himself more than suggests that what we know to-day as the " King's Head Inn " had been a private house, for in describing the " Maypole's " best apartment he says :—

" Rich rustling hangings, waving on the walls ; and better far, the rustling of youth and beauty's dress ; the light of women's eyes, outshining the tapers and their own rich jewels ; the sound of gentle tongues, and music, and the tread of maiden feet, had once been there, and filled it with delight. But they were gone, and with them all its gladness. It was no longer a home—children were never born and bred there God help the man whose heart ever changes with the world, as an old mansion when it becomes an inn ! "

II.

Everybody who has actually seen the block of buildings facing Chigwell Church knows that, beginning at the north end of the block, is (1) the *present* " King's Head Inn " ; (2) some cottages, and then (3) the remains of the " Old King's Head," so described on a large sign-board placed on the bay-window over the gateway leading to the stables of the old coaching-house. I know now what I suspected before, that the " King's Head " to which Dickens invited Forster " the delicious old Inn opposite to the churchyard "—was the " *Old* King's Head," which stretched from the archway mentioned up to the private house called the " White House " or " Great House," which is the *present* " King's Head Inn."

I admit that it is very probable that Dickens knew, both inside and outside, the house which is now called the " King's Head Inn," and I suggest that he blended some of its architectural features with the actual (*i.e.*, old) inn which he transferred, as he says, " to the site of the *real* Maypole, as more suitable for my story," which site was, as he also says, at Chigwell Row.

Dickens may have known the so-called " Chester Room," of which Mr. Fisher says " It is *now* called the Chester Room, after one of the principal characters in *Barnaby Rudge*." Mr. Fisher's book was not published until 1887. The curious may like to know that the booklet previously mentioned gives, on page 9, a reproduction of a photograph of " The old *chest-room* " ; and the notice painted over the entrance to the staircase leading to second floor says that it is the way-up " to the *chest-room*." It is very probable that the so-called " Chester Room " may have been the room where the *chest* containing the Verderers' documents was kept when this house was the place where

the old Forty Day Court was held after 1713. Mr. Fisher states that this house, which (as I have shown from the plans attached to the title-deeds which I have seen) was less than hundred years ago a private house, was probably "*the house of Bibby*" at Chigwell, to which, in 1630 and 1632, the bailiff of the forest was directed to summon the constables to appear before the forest officers for the purposes of an election (of Verderers). It is easy to see how "chest-room" has been turned into Chester Room, though it would be very interesting if we could trace the complete evolution, and, incidentally, ascertain the



The Old Maypole Inn at Chigwell Row

precise grounds for the common statement that in this room John Chester had his momentous interview with Geoffrey Haredale.

III.

I would ask those who have really studied *Barnaby Rudge* from the topographical point of view to consider with me a few details from the book itself which go to confirm the statement made by Dickens to Mrs. Powell, that "the place in my mind was Chigwell Row." In his first chapter, in describing Willet's guests, is mentioned one "who was the parish-clerk and bell-ringer of Chigwell, a village hard-by." To the unprejudiced reader I would submit that this could not have been said at Chigwell, but it might have been said at Chigwell Row! In Chapter XXXI. we are told that "The sun had begun to peep above the forest trees, and already flung across the curling mist bright bars of gold, when Joe dropped, etc.": when he then "looked up at the

old Maypole" he must have been standing in front of the real (*i.e.*, the Chigwell Row) "Maypole," because he could not have seen the sun "peep above the forest trees" if he had stood in front of the "King's Head" at Chigwell, which faces to the west!

It may come as a surprise to many readers that the "old Maypole" still exists (as a private dwelling-house) behind the present "Maypole" at Chigwell Row! It may also be worth mentioning that at the "time" of the Book (1780) there were three "Maypole Inns" on the borders of that part of the forest which we now know as Hainault Forest, *viz.* : (1) at Chigwell Row, (2) at Barkingside, and (3) at Collier's Row; and they are all marked on a map, dated 1786, in my possession. The first-named is, of course, that which I claim is, on the word of Dickens himself, "The Maypole" (*i.e.*, "the place in my mind"), the original building standing, as I have said, behind the existing "Maypole." The central fact for readers to remember is that Dickens told Mrs. Powell that he meant the Chigwell Row "Maypole," which is, therefore, the pivot round which what we may here call the "Chigwell" incidents in *Barnaby Rudge* revolved. I consider that these incidents were hung, so to speak, on the Chigwell Row "Maypole," and not on the "King's Head" at Chigwell, though Dickens tells us that he "moved the 'King's Head' Inn to the site of the real 'Maypole' as more suitable for my story." There is, in the present "Maypole" at Chigwell Row, a somewhat crude picture, probably by some local artist, which shows the central part of the old Inn, which is built of red brick, and which is flanked by ranges of wooden outbuildings, stables, etc. In front is a good-sized pond, and between it and the house is a semi-circular road by which vehicles and people could get from the high-road to the Inn. To-day all the outbuildings are gone, and half the pond only is left, the other half having been filled in to enlarge the "yard" attached to the present Inn. The brick nucleus of the old Inn is now converted into two dwelling-houses, in one of which lives the gardener of the present owner of what is left of the old Inn, Dr. Watts, who lives at "Whitehall," in grounds adjacent to the old and the new "Maypole." Immediately in front of the old Inn is a small wood, of recent growth, which very effectively hides the old Inn from people who pass along the high road. That is probably one of the reasons why its existence is so little known. The curious reader will find an interesting reference to the old "Maypole" in Larwood and Hotten's "History of Signboards" (1868) on pp. 506 and 449. Everyone who visits the present "King's Head" at Chigwell—commonly but wrongly called "The Maypole"—should certainly go to see the old, and real, "Maypole" at Chigwell Row.

To sum up these somewhat discursive observations, I may say that, in my opinion, we must reconsider the "orthodox" position. We shall then, very possibly, abandon it. It is to be hoped that what I have said will induce others to come forward with any new "facts" in their possession, so that, if it becomes necessary, we may formulate a new theory which will successfully fit what I have, for convenience, called the "Chigwell" incidents of the story.



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

AN ASTRONOMICAL ERROR

SIR.—In his craving for astronomical accuracy, Mr. Stuart-Young suggests that Dickensians shall try to persuade Messrs. Chapman and Hall to alter the written and authentic words of Dickens.

There are penalties for criminal conspiracy and for inciting to crime. Statutory punishment is provided also for sacrilege. Will Mr. Stuart-Young and his sympathisers (if any) take heed !

Thank heaven there is no danger that his suggestion will be considered seriously ; far less accepted.

What if the passage quoted from *Our Mutual Friend* be a schoolboyish error ? Wasn't the author a schoolboy very often ? Is he one whit the worse for that ? Indeed, do we not love him the better as he is than as he would be if we each had a hand in his "improving" ? Who cares a button about his little slip ? The story is not damaged in the slightest by the error (which I confess had escaped my notice until pointed out in your last issue) ; it would not be improved in the lightest if rectified in the manner suggested.

But, suppose for a moment that Messrs. Chapman and Hall perpetrate the suggested atrocity ? Could the matter stop there ? *Facilis est. Could they stop there ?*

Could they refuse an invitation from the literary purist to alter the *title* of the book on the ground of its literal absurdity (or at least to add a footnote that the solecism was committed during a period of gloomy premonition precedent to a railway accident !) ?

Could they decline a request from the Meteorological Department calling for a change in the wind which entered Mr. Pecksniff's house by the front and the back door at the same time ?

Or could they evade a pre-emptory demand from the chef of Hotel Chez Moi for review and revision of that charming passage in *Martin Chuzzlewit* which tells of the making of Ruth Pinch's exquisite beefsteak pudding ?

Other critics would demand deletion or amendment of *this* or *that*. It is conceivable that Mr. Arnold Bennett might ask for the complete destruction of *A Tale of Two Cities*, and refuse to be mollified by a mere re-writing of Lucie Manette. The same critic might similarly cry for the characters of Martha and Nancy to be redesigned on the lines of his own "Pretty Lady."

May I refer Mr. Stuart-Young and any (if any) who may be at one with him in his desire to clean the spots from the sun, to the essay, "Frauds on the Fairies," in which Charles Dickens offered a few trenchant remarks on them wot alters wot ain't theirn to alter.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR E. BIXBY,
(President of the Birmingham Branch).

FLEET STREET TAVERNS IN "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

SIR.—So far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no definite identification of the tavern where Darnay and Carton dined after the trial in the Old Bailey. We are told they "went down Ludgate Hill, up Fleet Street, and turned up a covered way." Those who know this locality would immediately think of the old "Cheshire Cheese," but it seems to me that the more likely house would be the "Mitre," further up on the opposite side, and practically adjoining the gate of the Temple. The same description would apply, and as the "Mitre" is so close to the Temple it would be more likely to be frequented by lawyers than the "Cheshire Cheese," in addition to which we are told that when the waiter called Carton at ten o'clock he came out of the tavern and "turned into the Temple."

There is no mention of his going up Fleet Street. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to throw light on the question.

Yours faithfully,

C. TYNDALL WULCKO,

London, N.W.1.,

Editor, "World Travel."

DICKENS AND SHORTHAND

SIR.—Mr. Ardagh's letter referring to Dickens's manual of shorthand, written by himself, reminded me of a note which I made while preparing my "Charles Dickens: Shorthand Writer," to the effect that the extra-illustrated copy of Forster, in thirteen large folio volumes, which contained the manual in question, included also "a mass of illustrative portraits, sketches, views, autograph letters and other cognate matters." Mr. Ardagh tells us that the volumes were sold for £350, and are now in America. It would be interesting to know the exact location of this relic of Dickens's youthful attempts to master "the savage stenographic mystery." Possibly some reader of *The Dickensian* could settle this point.

I believe there are other specimens of Dickens's shorthand in existence, and should be grateful for any information as to their whereabouts. One is reproduced in the "Memorial Edition" of Forster, edited by the late B. W. Matz; another in the article by A. T. Dolling, to which Mr. Ardagh alludes. The original illustration of Dickens taking down Lord John Russell's election speech, by Frank Gillett, R.I., is in my possession.

Yours faithfully,

Geneva.

W. J. CARLTON.

JOHNNY JONES—GUTTERSNIPE

SIR.—I notice in "When Found" in the last issue a kindly reference to Mr. J. M. Stuart-Young's novel, "Johnny Jones—Guttersnipe." The comment is a true one so far as it goes, but I venture to suggest that it might be amplified. That "the title is Dickensian" is true, but so also is much of the story and the manner of telling, while the frequent references to, and quotations from, the famous novels, emphasise Mr. Stuart-Young's affection for their more famous author, and should in themselves attract all Dickensian readers. It is a story of a lad "brought up" in the slums of Manchester, and appears to be, in some of its aspects at least, autobiographical, for it is questionable whether any but the most vivid imagination could or would

visualise and describe with such conviction and so Rousseau-like a fidelity, the personal experiences of the chief character.

It is a book which in its penetration and outspokenness deserves the attention, less perhaps of social reformers, who are presumably alive to the particular dangers of overcrowding, but of we others, who, for want of thought, do not sufficiently realise its horrors, or if we do are not so articulate as we might be in protesting against the many existing evils which are accepted as inseparable from industrial civilisation. I feel sure that Dickens would have warmly appreciated and upheld the motive of the book, although, living in a different age, he had not the temerity to reveal in all its nakedness the whole of the moral aspect of overcrowding so closely associated with want and ignorance, of which he wrote, "Beware of this boy—Ignorance—most, for in this word I see that written which is doom unless the writing is erased."

In conclusion, one word of warning, it is a book for adults, and particularly parents, emphatically not for children.

Yours, etc.,

London.

A. E. BROOKES CROSS.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP



Drawn by]

[Rusk Whittaker

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

BALHAM.—The Balham Branch has increased its membership, and the attendances, too, have been on the up grade. In December Mr. H. Wrench favoured us with an interesting lantern lecture on "Our Village Churches," and in January we had a most enjoyable Christmas Party. Miss Jolly's Dramatic Evening was, as usual, most successful, and her company have rendered service outside the branch on two occasions. A visit to Doughty Street, and "A Tale of Two Cities" ramble have been amongst the other events in a season that has so far been very satisfactory.

BATH.—On December 30th, 31st, and January 1st, the branch gave its three annual teas to the poor children in the Walcot, Milk Street, and Twerton districts of the city to the number of over 220 at each gathering. Special thanks are due to the officers of the Salvation Army, who, under the direction of Commandant Hunt, were entrusted with the catering and apportioning of tickets; and to the members of Miss Singers-Bigger's sub-committee, Miss Gertrude Masters, Mrs. Charles Seers, Mrs. Tutton, Miss L. Regnis, and Miss Gulliford, who ably assisted her in the preliminary arrangements. Ventriloquial and conjuring entertainments were given by Mr. Harry

Vernon. The success of the teas was assured by the presence of the Mayoress, Madame Sarah Grand, who attended twice and helped untiringly to distribute bags of cakes and crackers. Addressing the children on the second occasion, she predicted that all would meet again next Christmas, and asked them in the meantime to try to do credit to both school and country. Miss Louise Regnis, in the costume of a clown, dispensed gifts of toys, sweets, oranges and apples to every little member of the parties, which helped to send them contentedly on their homeward way. The fruit was kindly presented to the Fellowship by Messrs. Cater, Stoffell and Fort; Vilven; Huntley; Rawlings; Cambourne; and Morrell. One was glad to note, in answer to the President's habitual question as to whose memory they owed these celebrations, a growing familiarity with the name of Dickens.

BIRMINGHAM.—At the December meeting one of the members recited *A Christmas Carol*, a silver collection was taken in aid of the poor children's teas, and various parcels of garments were presented for distribution among the poor children of the city, not the least interesting being the gift of a large parcel from the children of a Surrey school who have heard of our good work and wish to take a share in it. On January 19th Miss Mary Bryan lectured on "The Women of *A Tale of Two Cities*," and on February 5th the Birthday Party was held. On February 23rd Miss Maud Grantham paid us a welcome visit and recited *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Our President, Mr. A. E. Bixby, has been doing useful propaganda work with his lecture, "Charles Dickens up to date," to many societies in the Midlands.

BLACKPOOL.—The Annual Dinner and Dance (in character) was attended at the Clifton Hotel, on Thursday, by over 100 members. There was a great variety of the characters made familiar by the great novelist's works, which were represented with remarkable fidelity. Coun. F. W. Millington (President) took the chair, and, accompanied by Mrs. Millington, he was supported by Ald. and Mrs. John Potter, J.P., and Ald. T. P. Fletcher, J.P. Ald. John Potter proposed "The Immortal Memory of Dickens," and spoke of the work of the great novelist, born just 115 years ago, whose memory they were proud to celebrate. Mr. A. Gaunt, who also spoke, considered it a wonderful achievement for the branch of the Fellowship to have made such progress in the short space of two years.

EASTBOURNE.—A dramatic entertainment, entitled "Pages from Dickens," arranged by Miss Mosley, took place at the Dickens Hall on December 7th. The dressing, settings and acting of the various playlets made the evening very enjoyable. On New Year's Day a party was given at the Dickens Hall: the games and dancing were thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Percy Merriman gave a very successful recital, "Charles Dickens and His Humour," at the Central Wesleyan Hall, on January 4th. The Christmas Treat to crippled children, organised by the "Tiny Tim Cripples Guild," took place on January 5th. About 70 children were present. The new Sun Ray Lamp at the Tiny Tim Clinic was "christened" by the Mayor of Eastbourne (Councillor Miss Hudson) on January 27th. The news that the clinic had been appointed the orthopaedic centre for East Sussex was received with great pleasure. On February 7th, a Birthday party was held in the Dickens Hall. This branch has sustained a great loss in the

death of Mr. Henry Sparks, who had been a member for a number of years, and was a prominent member of the Council. The Study Circle continues to meet fortnightly, and the attendance is good. Recently an Essay Competition was organised amongst the school children of Eastbourne. The subject was "My favourite character of Charles Dickens, and why I like him (her)." The entries were numerous, and the judges had great difficulty in finally awarding the prizes. The three prize winners are to receive their prizes at the meeting of the Study Circle on March 1st.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON.—At the December meeting Mr. Frank S. Johnson gave a recital of "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions." The evening was thoroughly enjoyable, and Mr. Johnson gave a splendid performance. "Members' Evening" was held on January 14th. Members read their favourite passages from Dickens: these were followed by the essay on Dickens in "The New Spirit of the Age," by R. H. Horne, and a short paper on "The Impossibility of Choosing a Favourite Passage."

HATFIELD.—On November 9th, the Chairman, Mr. W. Woodcock, gave a survey of *A Tale of Two Cities*, and members read extracts from the book. The December meeting was a very successful social, when several new members were greeted. A special feature was short speeches on matters of Dickensian interest, the subjects being written on slips and drawn from a hat. Although impromptu, this was quite successful—the lady who drew the question, "Why did Oliver Twist?" proving herself quite equal to the occasion. The annual dinner of the branch on January 11th was again a great success, many members being in the dress of the days of *A Tale of Two Cities*, and all much enjoyed the community singing of songs of the Victorian period. The trial of Sydney Carton formed the subject of the February meeting, and it was remarkable how soon the whole audience, who supplied the body of the French Court, quickly realised the part they were expected to play in the scene, and how well they did it too.

LEYTON.—At the November meeting, the members had the pleasure of listening to a recital by Mr. Frank S. Johnson of "The Story of Richard Doubledick." This recital was new to most of those present, and at its conclusion the audience expressed keen appreciation. A collection was taken for the Endowment Fund of the Dickens House. On December 29th, about sixty members and friends gathered in the Town Hall for the Annual Social. A varied and interesting programme of music was arranged by Miss Ella Fairall, L.R.A.M., interspersed with readings and recitations. The Hon. Secretary arranged some interesting competitions, in which all took part, and for which several prizes were awarded. On January 26th, Miss Catchpole, of the Hackney Branch, provided the evening's entertainment by reading two of her own papers, "Some Umbrellas" and "The tender passion as revealed in the writings of Dickens." Miss Catchpole's quaint asides kept her audience in a merry mood, and the selections she read to illustrate the various points gave much pleasure.

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Branch is going forward, both in numbers and enthusiasm. The last meeting of the old year took the form of a Dramatic Evening, when a much larger audience than usual was well entertained by the Dramatic Section. Under the experienced

direction of Mr. A. J. Dearden five sketches were given. This performance was also given in four other halls on Merseyside and proved a source of amusement and a considerable help towards the cost of a Poor Children's Treat. We started the New Year very well by welcoming Mr. S. J. Rust, whose extensive knowledge was made available for us, with the assistance of lantern slides, in "A Ramble with Dickens in London." On the Birthday we broadcasted Dickens items from the Liverpool Station for three-quarters of an hour during the evening. Our other activities have been a Whist Drive and Dance and a Character Costume Party, both of which more successful in numbers and in good fellowship than any similar events of recent years. Thus, and with the regular supply of *The Dickensian* to each member, we feel that our future is a bright one.

MANCHESTER.—The annual dinner on November 19th, attended by over 100 Dickensians, again proved a delightful event. In proposing "The Immortal Memory," the President, Mr. G. M. Farmer, said no greater tribute could be paid to the novelist's memory than had been by the establishment of the numerous branches of the Fellowship. In a felicitous speech, Mr. W. A. Bahnforth, formerly Editor of the "Manchester Evening News," proposed "The Dickens Fellowship." "Dickens," he said, "was one of the few great men who have worked a miracle with blank paper and a pencil, writing a sequence of letters which, by the power of genius, will live as long as the everlasting hills." Mr. Arthur Humphreys responded, and Mr. C. B. Thonger proposed "The Visitors," to which Mr. Elwes, Vice-President of the Liverpool Branch, replied. Mr. Sutton wittily proposed "The Ladies," on behalf of whom Miss H. Eileen Phillips expressed thanks. Short papers by members were read on December 3rd. Miss Farmer gave a vivid little word picture of "Mrs. Jellyby," and showed that her type was still extant. The pertinent question "Why should we read Charles Dickens?" was answered in interesting fashion by Mr. C. L. Browne. Many facts in relation to the Watts's Charity in Rochester were unfolded by Mr. F. R. Dean. "Dickens as a Traveller" was the theme of the paper by Miss H. Eileen Phillips. The evening concluded with a recital by Mrs. G. M. Farmer. The second half of the winter session opened on January 7th, when Mr. Charles Darnay, the well-known Manchester elocutionist, gave a series of recitals. In the first stave of *A Christmas Carol*, and in his excerpt from *The Cricket on the Hearth*, Mr. Darnay displayed all his powers of characterisation. The concluding recital was taken from *Nicholas Nickleby*. Those intrepid lovers of Dickens who journeyed to the Milton Hall on January 21st to participate in the annual Dingley Dell Party found that truly old-fashioned Dickensian weather had been provided. Miss A. Armstrong and Miss E. Allan entertained with recitals, and Mr. Sutton with songs. There was a clever whistling display by Miss Ida Want; Mr. Leslie Farmer appeared in the role of magician. The evening concluded with dancing.

MONTREAL.—Many of Dickens's most lovable and amusing characters stepped from the pages of his books on January 26th to tread the stage of the Ritz-Carlton ballroom. Introduced by a few apt phrases of description by the Honorary President, Dr. S. P. Rose, some forty members stepped into the enormous gilt frame—the women in the Dickensian frills and furbelows, the men displaying the

ornamental hirsute growth and haberdashery of the day—forming vivid tableaux vivants of the novelist's favourite characters. Three scenes were also presented from *Bleak House*. A feature of the programme was songs, either composed by Dickens or sung by his characters. These were pleasingly rendered by George Ferguson. The Dickens Birthday Banquet was given in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on Monday, February 7th.

NEW YORK.—The exhibitions of the Dickens Fellowship of New York are widely commented upon by visitors from other branches. A few choice items germane to the subject of the address by Dr. Duffield, the President, are exhibited and labelled, and Mr. Cavanaugh, the Executive President, describes them. Several excellent collections are drawn upon. Dr. Duffield's subject at the first meeting of the season was "A Love Affair of Charles Dickens—A Key to his Work." The Beadnell and Kolle letters formed the basis of the address, and the influence of Dickens's love affair on his career was admirably built up and was much enjoyed by the listeners. The President's subject at the November meeting was "*Pickwick Papers*—A Dickens Panorama of Merrie England." Dr. Duffield eulogised this great masterpiece as being the fourth "best seller" after nearly a hundred years. To satisfy curiosity he named the other three—the Bible, the Prayer Book, and Shakespeare. "It stands on the five foot bookshelf with the great books of the world. It is Homeric—these wanderings of Pickwick and his friends—something like the *Odyssey* of Ulysses. People who never heard of the *Odyssey* or Ulysses and what it means, know about Pickwick and where he went, and all about his travels, and they go with him. It does them good." The address ended as follows:—"This book is distilled optimism and sunshine. The whole is summed up in a sort of injunction to him that reads it to 'Pack up his troubles in his old kit bag and Smile! Smile! Smile!'" The exhibition contained some unique *Pickwick* items. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, the well-known author and playwright, spoke about *Pickwick*, and announced that he was collaborating with Mr. Frank Reilly in the writing of a new play entitled "Mr. Pickwick," which will be produced shortly. The President was unfortunately absent at the December meeting, but Dr. Raymond Lalor Forman was an excellent deputy. *A Christmas Carol* has rarely been better rendered; certainly not before our Fellowship since the days of our founder, Mr. Govan. It is our opinion that Dr. Forman missed his vocation. He should have been an actor instead of entering the ministry. His was a real contribution to the Christmas party. We had so many members in the galleries that the punch ran out. This is a good sign; we should have at least 500 members, and we will never be satisfied *until* we do. We went home in a storm, but the inward peace of Tiny Tim's blessing went with us. By the by, the "Tiny Tim Fund" amounted to \$142.

NOTTINGHAM.—On Friday, October 15th, a very successful performance of "*Dombey & Son*" (dramatized version by J. Cooper Sands) was given in aid of the Nottingham Boys' Brigade, whose funds benefited to the extent of £15. On December 9th, in the University College, a most interesting lecture entitled "The Social Background of Dickens's Novels" was given by Mr. H. N. Davy, M.A. (one of the College Staff). The Chairman was Alderman Huntsman, the President of the branch. Some 600 people crowded the Lecture Theatre of the College.

on January 14th to hear "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions" recited in costume by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, who met with a most enthusiastic reception. The chair was occupied by Dr. Granger, Vice-Principal of the College. A collection of over £11 was taken and given to the Nottingham and Notts. Adult Deaf and Dumb Society. At the Birthday Supper on February 10th a presentation of a writing table and bureau was made to Mrs. Dixon, who has resigned her position as Hon. Secretary on her removal with Mr. Dixon to London. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dixon have done exceptionally fine work for the branch during the last three years, and have won the affection and esteem of all the members, and the greatest regret was evinced at their departure.

PHILADELPHIA.—At the November meeting Dr. Henry Leffman contributed notes of historical interest concerning *A Tale of Two Cities*. Mr. Walter Beachboard and Miss Kearney recited, and Mr. David Wright read an informative paper on "Dickens and Carlyle," with an amusing introduction telling of his searches in various quarters for material bearing on the subject. A scene, "The Shoemaker," concluded the programme, with the following cast: "Dr. Manette," Casper W. Briggs; "Jarvis Lorry," J. K. Thompson; "Ernest Defarge," Franklin Beltrando; "Lucie Manette," Mary Kathryn Orr. The spirit of Christmas dominated the December meeting, when 150 members and guests were present, a third being in Dickens character costumes. Mrs. Micawber and the twins were there, and awarded the prize for the most appropriate costume. The ghost of Marley in the person of Mr. W. B. Gulick was a close second. Donations amounting to \$219.75 were received for the poor children's Christmas party held on December 23rd, when toys, games and candy were distributed to over 400 little ones. At the Annual Meeting in January the present officers were re-elected. The membership is 271, a gain for the year of 43. An interesting paper by Mr. Hugh Roberts on "The Days of Dickens and To-day" was full of amusing contrasts. President Thomas K. Ober, Junr., occupied the chair at all the meetings.

PLYMOUTH.—On November 16th a splendid evening was arranged by Mr. W. C. Hill, when two sketches entitled "Daniel Peggotty" and "Micawber's Migration" were given. He also gave a lantern recital on February 1st with scenes from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a most entertaining evening. On November 30th a musical and literary programme was arranged by Mr. W. C. Spear and Lt.-Com. Hoskin. Mr. Spear replied to the criticisms of Arnold Bennett on *A Tale of Two Cities*, and discussion followed. Papers were also read by Miss Kathleen Pryor and Mrs. S. S. Hutchings. A lecture recital by the Rev. H. Owen Rodda, "A Dickens Christmas," terminated the first half session. Mrs. Claire Paul opened the second session with a pot-pourri of song and laughter. Recitals from Dickens being given by herself and Master Dempster Paul. On January 12th the annual tea and entertainment was given in the Guildhall to 800 Tiny Tins of Plymouth and district, and proved a great success.

ROCHESTER.—During the summer, regular excursions to places of interest were made, and particular mention should be made of the visit to Hever Castle. The winter meetings commenced in November, when Colonel Gadd gave his lecture on "The Market Town of *Great Expectations*"—a delightful and instructive evening. A miscellaneous evening formed the December meeting, readings and recitals by Miss

Conway and Miss Hepworth being much enjoyed. We were also pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Callaway, from Melbourne. Mrs. F. H. Day provided the outstanding feature of the season in a lecture on "Concord and its Literary Lights," all of whom were visited by Dickens on his visit to America. There was a touch of personal interest in what Mrs. Day had to say, as, in her young days, she had come in contact with some of these very celebrities.

ST. PANCRAS.—On December the 11th, a ramble was taken under the guidance of Mr. S. J. Rust, to St. Giles, Cripplegate, where the church and the Barber Surgeon's Hall were visited. On the 13th, papers were read on *Sketches by Boz*, by Miss Joan Sherman, Miss Delia Cooke, Messrs. T. W. Hill and W. J. Roffey, and some sketches presented by the Dramatic Section; Mrs. Panzetta, the Vice-President, taking the chair. At this meeting there was an exhibition of dolls and toys presented by the members to be distributed among the poor of the district. In January, Mr. C. H. Green gave his delightful Lantern Lecture on the "London that Dickens saw and described"; and a ramble was taken to the Minories under the guidance of Mr. A. W. Wickens, while the Vicar of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, added considerably to the enjoyment of the afternoon by short talks on the history of his church and the little church of the Minories. The party on January 26th was a great success, especially for the younger members. It was hoped at this meeting to present Captain Jackson with a number of Dickens volumes for the library of the "Harmony," the little Labrador ship, but as Captain Jackson had to sail that morning, the books had to be forwarded to him.

SOUTHAMPTON.—On November 15th the series of readings and discussions on *A Tale of Two Cities* commenced. An excellent paper giving the historical setting of the work was read by Mr. J. Henderson, and other members read descriptions of the principal characters. These readings and discussions were continued on December 13th. On January 17th the programme consisted of humorous readings from Dickens, interspersed with recitations and songs. During the session the "Dickens Players" have given several successful performances of "Daniel Quilp" in aid of various charities.

SOUTHEND.—The great interest evinced in the branch was clearly manifested by the large attendance at the reception by the President, Mr. H. E. Sames. During the evening Mr. Sames spoke of the progress and general aims of the branch, and said how pleased he was to welcome among them Mr. H. Hubert, who filled with such conspicuous success the office of Secretary during the difficult days of the war. This season the Dramatic Section has concentrated on a series of short plays suitable for staging at small halls in the district. Just before Christmas *A Christmas Carol* and "Bardell v. Pickwick" were given in aid of the "Little Nell" and "Tiny Tim" cots, maintained by the branch at the Victoria Hospital, Southend. This programme was repeated on other occasions. On January 21st the Annual Dinner and Dance was held at the Palace Hotel. Although loss of voice prevented the President from delivering the toast to "The Immortal Memory," Mr. Fisher deputised and read the speech prepared by Mr. Sames. Mr. H. E. Mayhew proposed "The Visitors," to which the Mayor of Southend replied. Mr. W. P. Bicknell, Past President, proposed the health of the President, who, with Mrs. Sames, responded. About 160 attended the dance that followed.

TEWKESBURY.—Under the Presidency of the Rev. T. W. Lambert the eighth session opened in October with a Recital by Mr. Frank Speaight, entitled "Sam Weller and other Friends." In November, the President read an excellent paper on *Our Mutual Friend*. A paper on "The Religion of Dickens" was contributed in December by the Rev. B. H. Chambers. At Christmas warm garments were distributed amongst the poor of Tewkesbury. The January meeting was set aside for readings from *Our Mutual Friend* by various members. Mr. H. C. Ockenden, of the Cheltenham Branch, delighted the members at the February meeting with a biographical sketch of Dickens and a paper on *David Copperfield*. Birthday celebrations were held on the 7th, and were an unqualified success. At the Watson Hall the evening commenced with a dinner, attended by guests from the Cheltenham Branch, at which the toast to the Immortal Memory was eloquently proposed by the President. After the repast—served from our local Pickwickian hotel, "The Hop Pole," in fine style—Mesdames Leeson, Edgell and Leadham and Miss Beard, of Cheltenham, entertained the gathering with some originally conceived sketches of Dickensian landladies. Birthday Week was also marked by our annual entertainment to the inmates of the Poor Law Institution.

VANCOUVER.—Since our Annual Meeting we have held seven Literary Meetings, all well attended. A paper on *A Tale of Two Cities* was given by the Reverend Mr. Tonkin. At Christmas the Reverend E. A. Chester gave an address on "The Spirit of Christmas, as illustrated by Dickens." In November a Whist Drive was held to raise funds. It was the first we had held, and was most successful, a good sum being realised. At the Meeting in Christmas week there was Community Singing, a reading from *A Christmas Carol*, and a "Grab Bag," the latter causing much amusement. A donation was voted to the Crippled Children's Fund in the city. At another meeting three scenes from *A Tale of Two Cities* were given in costume. On the Birthday a dinner and dance was held.

WINNIPEG.—At the November meeting Dr. J. W. Dafoe, D.D., Editor-in-Chief Manitoba Free Press, gave a paper on "Dickens as a Social and Political Reformer," in which he showed how Dickens made the vast thinking public see beyond its range of vision, and gave the lower orders of society a consciousness and self-respect that led to intelligent citizenship. Dr. W. T. Allison gave his report as delegate to the Inter-Branch Conference held in Boston in May last. The annual Canadian Night was held on December 9th when a splendid programme was provided by Dr. A. W. Crawford, President, Winnipeg Branch Canadian Authors' Association, and Past President of the branch. One week later the yearly recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. H. G. Wade, Life President, was given, and a collection for the Tiny Tim Fund taken. At the January meeting Rev. Father Morton paid an eagerly anticipated return visit with an address on "The Pathos of Dickens," in which he made a masterly defence of the charge of "Sinfully Sentimentality," so often imputed to the novelist; a charge that might be sustained if one did not read the books from beginning to end.

WOODVILLE.—The meetings which are now held every three weeks have been very well attended. The lecture on "Incidental References in *A Tale of Two Cities*," by the Rev. W. E. Garment,

held the audience spellbound for fifty minutes. A Members' Evening, during which dramatic sketches were rendered, was also much enjoyed, but the outstanding feature was undoubtedly "Tiny Tim's Christmas Party," held on January 6th, when 400 of the poorest children in the district were entertained as usual in the Town Hall. Thanks to the untiring energy of Mrs. Illsley (Tiny Tim's Secretary) and Mrs. Done, and many other helpers, a sumptuous tea was provided in a gaily decorated room; this was followed by a visit to a picture palace, and on their return to the Town Hall, the children were entertained by their old friends, "The Cheerios," who again kindly gave their services.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS.—This group of players has made splendid progress. All its members are young people, banded together for the love of drama and the works of Charles Dickens. Most of the members were born in the Boro', and, of course, are proud of its association. Sir Oswald Stoll has presented them with special scenery for "Oliver Twist" in recognition of their good work, nearly £200 having been collected this season on behalf of worthy charities. The annual meeting was held in the "George Inn" on January 7th, when Mr. Ross Barrington (the founder) gave the toast to the Immortal Memory. On February 12th a special open-air performance in the Boro' was given, scenes from *Oliver Twist*, in which a schoolboy from the Charles Dickens School played the part of Oliver.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

Rambles round Churches (Vol. II.) *In Dickens Land*, by H. Smetham (illustrated). Chatham, Parrett and Neves, Ltd. 5s.

The Actor in Dickens, by J. B. Amerongen (illustrated). Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.

Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

Quaint Signs of Olde Inns, by C. J. Monson-Fitzjohn, B.Sc. (illustrated). Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Thackeray, Dickens and the Boy's Family," by F. Gordon Roe. *The Connoisseur*, December.

"How Dickens wrote his Christmas Stories," by J. B. Brooks. *Shields Daily Gazette*, 8th December; also *Irish Times*, 4th December.

"The Apostleship of Christmas—Charles Dickens: Interpreter," by Leslie F. Church. *Methodist Recorder*, 9th December.

"A Pickwickian Christmas," *Amplion Magazine*, December.

"Christmas in the Light of Dickens," by Catherine Morison. *British Weekly*, 16th December.

"The Adventures of Mr. Pickwick," by Clive Holland. *Great Thoughts*, December.

"How Dickens celebrated Christmas." *Great Thoughts*, December.

"Two Glorious Christmases," by Alfred H. Pearce. *Manchester City News*, 11th December.

"Dotheboys Hall at Bowes." *Bradford Daily Telegraph*, 18th December.

"In the Days of Dickens." *Light Car and Cyclecar*, 24th December.

"Mr. Pickwick Listens In," by C. G. Harper. *The Graphic*, 25th December.

"Living People who knew Dickens," by Walter Dexter. *T.P.'s and Cassell's Christmas Number*.

"Dickens as I knew him," by Francesco Berger. *Daily News*, 24th December.

"Dickens and Christmas," by Clive Holland. *Kent Messenger*, December 25th.

"Dickens in Friendship," by W. Allan Cunningham. *T.P.'s and Cassell's*, 8th January. And letter from Arthur Humphreys, 29th January.

"Thoughts on Great Books—David Copperfield," by E. Beresford Chancellor. *Reading Mercury*, 1st January.

"The London of Charles Dickens" (illustrated), by Walter Dexter "*Wonderful London*" Part 22.

"Dickens Revisited," by Hilaire Belloc. *New Statesman*, 22nd January.

"When Dickens Was," by W. Teignmouth Shore. *Nottingham Journal and Express*, 18th January.

"Are Bachelors Better Men," by Edith Shackleton. *Sunday Express*, 16th January.

"Seymour, the 'Inventor of Pickwick,'" by F. Gordon Roe. *The Connoisseur*, February.

"The Mystery of Dickens's Well," by A. W. Barnes (illustrated). *Strand Magazine*, February.

"If we dined with Dickens," by Isobel Cameron. *Dundee Courier*, 1st February.

RESULT OF THE GREAT EXPECTATIONS COMPETITION

THIS competition has proved most successful, and it has been no light task to examine every paper sent in. But this has been accomplished, and the process of elimination finally reduced the number of papers to thirty-eight, all of which were of undoubted excellence, although it might be added, no one competitor succeeded in answering every question correctly. Had it been so my task would have been much easier. However, Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross and Mr. Percy Carden—neither of whom had entered—were called in to assist in the final examination, and each made an independent examination and report on the papers.

I congratulate "Caractacus," Miss Alice M. Holmes, of Clapham Park, London, S.W.12, on being declared the winner of the first prize of Five Guineas.

The remaining five prizes have been awarded to the following, whose names are placed in alphabetical order:—

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| "Kitty," | Miss Gertrude K. Melville Fowler, Chelmsford. |
| "Elijah Whorm," | Mr. W. Laurence Gadd, Gravesend. |
| "Hants.," | Mrs. Eleanor M. Hill, Hampstead, N.W. |
| "Harborne," | Miss L. Monk, Leighton Buzzard. |
| "Cleve Cloud," | Mr. Percy J. Piggott, Cheltenham. |



DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BATH—

- Mar. 8—"Dickens and Careers for Women," by Miss F. Tylee.
- " 22—Reading Circle.
- April 5—Dramatic Evening, "*Scenes from Martin Chuzzlewit*."
- " 19—Annual Meeting.

BEDFORD—

- Mar. 1—"A Tale of Two Cities," by Rev. P. G. Langdon.
- " 15—Readings by Mr. W. Lea Newton.
- " 29—"Dining with Dickens," by Mr. Gladstone Hall.
- April 12—Selections by Mr. Rowland Hill, J.P.

BIRMINGHAM—

- Mar. 16—Miscellaneous Evening.
- " 30—Annual Meeting.

BLACKPOOL—

- Mar. 10—"Dickens's real attitude towards Women." Discussion.
- " 24—"The Victorian Outlook," by Mr. J. H. Stretton.
- April 14—Debate, "Was Dickens a Realist, or a Caricaturist?"
- " 28—Dingley Dell Social.

BRIGHTON—

- Mar. 11—"Some more Women," by Miss Dora Russell Davies.
- April 8—To be arranged.

CHELTENHAM—

- Mar. 4—"A Modern Dickens?"
- April 1—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE—

- Mar. 8—Visit from Brighton Branch.

EDINBURGH—

- Mar. 10—"Lucy Manette, a Flower of the Revolution," by Miss Frances Durham.
- " 24—"Dickens in Edinburgh," by Councillor Wilson McLaren.
- April 7—Annual Meeting. Readings arranged by Mrs. Brierley.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON—

- Mar. 18—Selections by Miss Catchpole.
- " 26—Annual Dinner, Broad Street Station Restaurant.
- April 22—"Dickens and Music," by Mr. E. W. Brown.

HATFIELD—

- Mar. 8—Lecture by Lt.-Col. W. Laurence Gadd.
 April 12—General Meeting and Social.

HULL—

- Mar. 11—"Mr. Toots in search of a Wife," by Mr. Mortimer Petty.
 „ 18—Discussion on *A Tale of Two Cities*.
 „ 25—"The Prose Style of Dickens," by Rev. A. H. Lewis, B.A.
 April 8—General Meeting.

LONDON—

- Mar. 16—"Some Phases of Dickens," by Mr. C. Lewis Hind.
 „ 26—Whist Drive.
 April 27—Members' Evening and Annual Meeting.
 May 13—Pickwick Pilgrimage to Rochester.

LIVERPOOL—

- Mar. 9—"The Best Six Novels of Dickens" by Mr. G. Boothman.
 April 6—General Meeting. Dramatic Performance.

LEYTON—

- Mar. 30—Members' Evening.
 April 27—Annual Meeting.

MANCHESTER—

- Mar. 4—Short Papers on *A Tale of Two Cities*.
 April 1—Annual Meeting and Social.

MONTREAL—

- Mar. 22—Address by Prof. Jean Desy, of Ottawa.
 April 26—"Dickens and Wilkie Collins," by E. C. Woodley, M.A.

NEW YORK—

- Mar. 18—Lecture, "Dickens on Life's Disillusions."
 April 22—Lecture, "Dickens's View of the 'Passing Show.'"
 May 20—"Dickens as the Champion of Children."

NOTTINGHAM—

- Mar. 1—Discussion, *A Tale of Two Cities*.
 „ 7—Sketches from Dickens at the Albert Hall Wesley Guild.
 „ 17—Dramatic Entertainment at University College.
 April 5—Annual Meeting.

ST. PANCRAS—

- Mar. 14—Papers by Miss Ruth Whittaker and Mr. Leslie Staples.
 „ 19—Ramble to Kensington Palace.
 April 9—Ramble to Rotherhithe.
 „ 11—Members' Evening, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

STOCKPORT—

- Mar. 2—Ladies' Night.
 April 6—Annual Meeting.

TORONTO—

- Mar. 10—Dramatic Scenes directed by Mr. Wm. Atkinson.
 April 14—Dramatic Scenes directed by Mr. F. Rostance and Mr. J. Brockie.

WINNIPEG—

- Mar. 10—"Dickens and America," by Rev. Canon Murray.
 April 14—Annual Meeting. Address by Sir James Aikens.

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